CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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This Boy Earned $58.50

Read How He Did It

GEORGE HEWITT AND "TYKE"

HE hustled? Sure, he did! But he worked only out of school hours, and yet in five weeks this boy—and the dog—made in real money almost sixty dollars. That's enough to buy a pony, or fit up a gym in the barn or the garret, or buy a canoe and take a week's trip in the woods. Of course I don't know what you would like to do with sixty dollars—I'll leave that to your own notions—but I do know that if you are as good a hustler as this boy—and the dog—you can earn it right now.

How? Well, this boy did it by getting **CANADA MONTHLY** subscriptions: by selling the best magazine in Canada to people who wanted to buy it, and getting a commission on each subscription. In other words, every time he got anybody—his teacher, or his uncle, or the neighbors in the next block—to pay him $1.50 for a year's subscription to **CANADA MONTHLY**, I paid him for his work in getting that subscription. And in this way he earned $58.50 in five weeks. So can you. Let me tell you how.

I want boys—live, hustling, straightforward boys of good character—to sell **CANADA MONTHLY** to every man or woman in Canada who has a dollar and a half to spend on a magazine. I believe in the ability of boys to deliver the goods, to get results, to make good on a proposition like this. I believe in dealing directly with them, and paying them a good fair price for fair work.

ANONYMOUS

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

HUH! All the other fellers went
An' sent some girl a valumtine,
So I did, too. W'y, say, I spent
A nickel at th' store fer mine.
It had a lot o' printed stuff
About a narrow an' a heart;
Said it was broken—just a bluff!—
An' said th' narrow was a dart.

What? Naw! Aw, quit your jokin', now,
When all th' other fellers did,
W'y, 'course I had to, anyhow,
Or else they'd said I was a kid
An' couldn't give a valumtine.
Th' fellers wrote their names on theirs.
I didn't put my name on mine—
If she can't guess 'twas me, who cares?

Pshaw! Who'd I send it to? Aw, say!
You think I'd mail it? I don't guess!
Th' other fellers did that way—
She'd know who'd wrote that there address.
Huh-uh! If I'd 'a' wrote her name,
W'y she'd 'a' seen my writin' there,
An' knowed right off it must 'a' came
From me—o' course, not as I care.

O' course she don't know who 'twas from!
You think I'd put my name inside?
Well, you must think I'm mighty dumb!
You think that I want to be guyed!
W'y I just handed it to her,
Just as indif'runt as could be.
I didn't write her name, no, sir!
She couldn't know it come from me!

"I'M AFRAID YOU HAVEN'T HAD MUCH LOVE IN YOUR LIFE, OTTO!"

To accompany The Firebrand

CANADA MONTHLY

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The City That Plays With The Children

By Nan Moulton

Illustrated with Photographs

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HE SAT on the kerbing at the corner of Notre Dame and Gertie, one stocking down, overalls hitched unevenly, hat pushed back from sullen brow, and, while one gloomy sandalled heel poked restlessly into the heat-softened asphalt, the beginning of a sob puckered the little freckled face as I waited for my down-town car. "How now, Thumbling?" I queried in concern. And he lifted ennuied blue eyes to my sympathetic ones. "I don' know what I *want*," he quavered, "I don' know *what* I want," he choked, his misery, grown articulate, increasing. Decidedly here was temperament, and knowing somewhat its depth of misery, as well as its heights of blessedness, and remembering flashingly a sight I had just left behind over on William Avenue, I held out an understanding hand, "You come along o' me, Son," I said, or words to that effect, and plucked him off his kerbing, and dusted him a bit, and pulled up the depressed stocking, and wiped away the grimy tear, and haled him, unresisting, to a Place of Joy. "Shut your eyes and put your fingers in your ears," I bade him. And, scenting a game, he obeyed, with a little lightening of his frozen features. And thus he was led into the exuberant din of the Central Playgrounds. Having unsealed his senses, I watched the working of First Aid to the Bored. Bewilderment at first at the so-many ways to play, a kindling to the shouts of the bigger boys at ball, a flicker of laughter at the babies in the sand, a responsive flash to the joyous-faced youngsters in the swings, and then, suddenly the shiny slide claimed him, and I saw him no more save as one of a

CONTROLLER R. D. WAUGH,
The man who first said "Playgrounds" to Winnipeg

breathless, eager procession climbing an eternal ladder to be part of a dazzle of youngsters descending exultantly to earth with a thrilling thump.

Turning then, smiling away, I met a Controller. Controllers I had hitherto held in awe, as beings having an Olympic grasp of finance and an equally Olympic authority over pavements and waterworks and rates and power, necessary things, but productive of taxes, and quite beyond one's control, like thunder, and falling in love, and the fashion of a hat. But this Controller had a most human and warm interest marked in his look and bearing, a fatherly pride in the life around him. And well he might! For this was Controller Waugh, the Chairman of the Playgrounds Commission, the man who first said "Playgrounds" to Winnipeg, when, in 1906, he handed in to the City Council his report as Chairman of the Parks Board. And, laid within the years, that leaven, aided by constant further effort, the story of which will unfold in due course, has produced to-day in the City of Winnipeg eleven supervised Playgrounds, under a Playground Commission, appointed by the City Council, and a final Playfest that has no equal in Canada. "The City," spake Controller Waugh, a softened burr catching at the skirts of his words and holding them to deliberate periods, "*must* take care of three classes—the Sick, the Old and the Children". And finding me bristling with questions and rousing to enthusiasm, he, in his turn, said, "You come along o' me"—or words to that effect.

It was on an evening in early August that I "went along". The Playgrounds Commission and their friends went out to view their work and see if it was good. The Police auto, grey and speedy, led. Northward we swept to Aberdeen, Exhibition, Machray and Strathcona Playgrounds. For the playgrounds are very properly located in the school-grounds. The land is there and the schools are in the centres of population. The School Boards do not graciously see eye to eye with the Commission in this matter, one of those queer lacks of rapport hard to understand by the onlooker. But it has for long been an old controversy in the history of the Playground Movement in the United States, the controversy of School Board versus Parks Board. But the school grounds *are* being used in Winnipeg for the City Playgrounds—which is nine points of the victory. And Strathcona Playgrounds, in a motley of color, a variousness of sound, a riot of activity, is at hand. One maiden was patting the sand adoringly in front of a magnificent arched structure, whose surrounding paths and walks and flower-beds and shrubbery we held up to the Parks Board member for emulation. "Sarah" was carved large on this fair edifice. The worshipping maid before the shrine disclaimed the honor. And several pointed with a digit of pride at the flushed-faced little architect digging one embarrassed toe into the remnant of her building material. A fair-lashed scrap of a German mâdchen caught wonderingly at the fluttering ends of a rose motor-veil. A slow ecstasy spread over the smudged fairness of her wee wan face, and her eyes went ashine as she held taut the wide rose hem. "Vat iss?" she whispered, "vat iss?" Whether she understood the explanation does not matter, but an utterly satisfied, wholly feminine "Ach!" breathed on the rose veil with her final loving pat. Another foreign infant touched it later with a shriller delight. "Seelk!" she fluted. "Seelk!" staccato it mounted. "Always a seductive spiller of souls, couleur de rose," commented The Poet. But who had time for a mere Poet with that fascinating row of babies in those fascinating little swings beyond the sand-boxes? There were solemn babies and placid babies, shy babies and sweet babies, Pole babies and Swedish babies, smeared babies and tangled babies, swinging in chained security in an abandon of enjoyment, an odd effect of lotus-eating in motion. But the next row of older ones! They chewed gum with accelerated velocity as the swings went higher and wilder, flew into space with a strain of leg muscle and a paralyzing jaw-action that left a mere adult breathless with wonder. One gaunt gypsy of perhaps fourteen tied up a stocking with a rope, chewed gum

violently, pushed a baby rockily in a go-cart and scolded like Xantippe—yes, it *seemed* to me all at the same time—a regular out-pensioner of Bedlam. It was time to go, the men said, and we had only just glimpsed the strenuous small boys at the Giant's Stride, the vigorous game of basket-ball going on among the young men in their late crowd was the unreasoning joy of them. Exile, poverty, labor, persecution had been their too-early portion. But they grasped their youth with clinging fingers, lifting faces of laughter to the sky. As we climbed back reluctantly to the shiny cars, a voice was uplifted in upbraiding, an irate father seeking an errant son who should have been

THE STRENUOUS SMALL BOYS WILDLY AFLOAT ON THE GIANT'S STRIDE

teens, and the pretty grouping of the older girls in the circle of Dodge-ball. It was later, I think, away from the clamant momentary human interests, that the deeper meaning of it partly came upon me. Strathcona grounds are in the middle of a medley of nations. Muscovites and Swedes, Lithuanians and Ruthenians, Polacks and Israelites swarm on its borders until twelve tribes or more. The irrepressible Celt and the dominant Saxon and sturdy John Canuck contribute of their qualities. And first there is a wonderful *fusion* taking place with the play-interest, the common denominator. The older brothers and sisters come in the evening from their factories or their early sharing of the endless woman's life, shoulders straighten, faces brighten, and team against team, school against school, esprit de corps is created, *team-work*, which is certain to have a great moral effect, not only upon the minds of the players, but, incidentally, upon the politics of the future. What caught most at the heart of me as I stood for the first time among that North End pentecostal "by de house". This aspect of the Playgrounds story is further illustrated in the following note, received by the Supervisor:

DEAR SIR,—

I would like you to put out the swings of the Strathcona School-yard. Because on Saturday there was made a great danger. A child was pretty nearly killed, and if the two Doctors wouldn't been called, the child would been died.

There are some Ladies which are want to put the swings out too. (Here follow names and addresses of Doctors and Ladies.) And please be kind to put the swings out, *because no one can keep the children in the house locked up.*

As we whirled down Burrows Avenue, wide and smooth and straightly paved as a certain Scriptural highway, Mr. Hadcock expounded the ultimate aim of this movement. Mr. Hadcock is the Director of Physical Education and Welfare at the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Playgrounds Commission, casting about this year for a General Supervisor, fell upon him in his energy and cheerfulness, and bore him, with his youth and ideals and practical experience to a place on the Commission and gave into his hands the Play-

grounds Keys. And the length of Burrows Avenue we listened to a plan where everything was *constructive*—there is your *word* for it all, play and team-spirit and physical uplift and fun and development, all constructive. Pauperism is inactivity, disease is low vitality, tuberculosis lack of lung capacity, police force result of idle man, idle man result of boy not trained to left. A mite of six in a blue pinafore wandered one afternoon around the grounds, a bundle in her careful arms. The director thought idly she had a bundle of rags for a doll, as wee girls do. But, as Blue Pinny joined in some of the games, she always held the bundle close. Finally she was noticed climbing with extreme difficulty up the ladder to the slide. The director, going

DAPPLED WITH SUN AND SHADE, THE SANDPILE SHELTERS DAUGHTER OF JACOB, SON OF SHEM AND COLD-NOSED TERRIER IMPARTIALLY

activity. And so he went on through insanity and vice and the life of the delinquent, negative instead of positive, We laughed a little at him with his Playgrounds so universal a remedy, but it was only a teasing, kindly laughter. He was too earnest over it all, and there was his "documentary evidence" at eleven points. And on the heels of our fleeing laughter came a story big with beautiful witness to his claim. There was a boy in the North End who had been at three different times in a Detention Home. His restlessness seeking a legitimate outlet, he went to the Director of one of the Playgrounds, and said in his own way, "Here, put me in something, give me lots to do," and the director, wise in his generation, made him head of his team, and through the summer evenings he fought for himself and was winning then. *Constructive*,—it is a good word, meaningful, prophetic.

Then there was the Youngest Member. This was told me at Strathcona by the amused girl director before we then to see for herself, gasped to find within the swaddling tatters, the grave puckered face of a three-weeks' old infant, blinking at her and the light. So do babies fare in the Little Countries in our North End, and such is the coax of the playgrounds for Blue-Pinnies of six.

Because the prairie was wide, distances are very long in Winnipeg, and miles of streets fell behind between playgrounds, and, as the dusk deepened, Mr. Daniel McIntyre spoke as one having an added revelation. "Note, Madam," he said, with an academic courtesy, "note the streets near the play-grounds, how empty they are of children. And note again the more populated streets remote from the play-centres." It was so. It was eloquently so. All the child-life, all the big-boy-and-girl-life, all the play and activity had been simply scooped up from the possibly harmful streets of the city and poured into play-grounds with supervisors to direct and control it all to a final "constructive" good.

The paved streets having elicited

kind comment, the Controller was stirred to much statistics, from which brambly thicket he was diverted by a discussion of social service, to which the Street Commissioner contributed a tale of last winter, when a crowd of men from the coffee-house received a ration of civic shovels to enable them to earn a day's wage removing the civic snow, and one unhallowed mendicant promptly sold his shovel and bought that productive of a quicker paradise. And thus we came back to the lights of Main Street and its jaggedy sky-line high against the amber afterglow.

THE FASCINATING ROW OF BABIES IN THEIR FASCINATING LITTLE SWINGS

It was towards the ripe end of August when the shortening evenings drop suddenly to dark that I belatedly reached Norquay Grounds at the end of Euclid Avenue. Mothers who had sat and sewed or watched, chins in the cup of tired hands, were gathering the smaller reluctant kiddies from their stories and their game of Sleeping Princess that they adored. They were Jews here mostly. And, at first, race antagonisms had been apparent. You know how it goes:

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O, don't you wish that you were me?

The class spirit soon developed and blotted out all that. And the rules of the game had also been learned after much travail with tongues and impatiences. Games all around were progressing feverishly till the daylight quite blurred into dark. Work and training were showing results, play was keen and eager for time was short. The big girls were at basket-ball and the big boys at playground ball, the whistles of the umpires shrilling across the dusk, the strenuosity of the approaching Playfest upon them all. As the last enthusiasts dropped away down the curve of streets, the janitor locked up the balls and bats, an unbelievably big pinky-gold moon climbed suddenly above the tree-tops along the quiet Red, and the all-at-once tired and wilted little director with the dust of that last ardent game of basket-ball on her blue cotton frock, went out beyond the shadows to a neglected supper. Next day the Playfest was on.

It lasted two weeks, that Playfest. There had been from the beginning a competitive plan of sport by which all matches were played on a weekly schedule, the daily bulletins recording the champions of each day. So that only those who had won the right took part in the inter-playground matches of the Playfest weeks. Over five hundred teams took part in the fourteen tournaments that narrowed down the events of the Final Day at the Horse Show Amphitheatre. There were A, B, C and D Classes, boys and girls, the placing being done according to weight. Every playground had a team in every

class and in every game. A's played in the afternoon, B, C and D at night. There were contests in Swimming, Basket-ball, Playground Ball, Volley Ball, Dodge Ball and Athletics. Each win scored so many points. Each member of the finally triumphant team got "a ribbon to wear in his coat," and the Playground scoring the highest

VOLLEY-BALL AT CENTRAL. THIS PLAYGROUND CARRIED OFF THE HIGHEST SCORE AT THE PLAYFEST

total in points carried off the coveted banner.

First came the swimming and diving competitions. It is only recently that Winnipeg boys have had much chance to learn swimming. Our rivers are unsafe and there are open sewers. If the small boy *does* bathe in any brown river within the City limits, the policeman is apt to appear and carry off his scrappy shirt and trousers while he runs naked and vocal along the slimy clay. But now there are three swimming tanks in the city, all of them small —the number utterly inadequate—but the beginning of better things, for great plans are being made for next year. One swimming tank is in the Young Men's Christian Association, and one in each of the Stella and Sutherland Avenue Missions. These tanks were secured by the Playgrounds Commission for the boys. I did not see the contests nor the preparatory practice, but I heard of layers of boys with towels ranged around the steps of the institutes and overflowing into the streets and of the clamor inside as the enjoyment of the boys in the basement increased. There are sanitary and moral aspects to all this, but there is a splendid climax to the swimming side of the Playgrounds, too. It is not often that bread upon the waters comes back so quickly and convincingly. Little Freddy Fryer, a six-year-old, went to play with two chums in a boat on the Red River, the boat being tied to the shore at the end of Gomez Street by a long rope. Suddenly one of the boys pushed the boat and Freddy Fryer went head over little heels into the turbid water. Jack Crawford, aged ten, eyes half shut against the sun's shining, saw Freddy in the water and shouted at two men lying on the bank. First man rushed in knee-deep, then realized he could not swim. Second man sullenly realized the same fact without rushing in. A month before, Jack Crawford could not swim either. But he was a playgrounds boy and he had been one of the towel brigade at The All People's Mission tank on Sutherland Avenue. So his Eton collar flew one way and his boots another and he dived and caught Freddy Fryer by his very wet and not very long hair and brought him ashore. The City will make him a suitable presentation and secure him a medal from the Royal Humane Society. And the Playgrounds Commission has a quick, courageous deed of one boy and a life saved to another boy to add to its tangible results.

That Playfest coaxed me, as well as

Blue Pinny, away from office and home while it lasted. It was on a very hot Saturday that I followed long straight streets westward past the cathedral of a foreign faith, through a region of odd little trades and crafts, with episodic blocks of houses, and once a smoochy baby curled asleep on a boulevard, among an unmistakable Little Israel, small boy got hung up at the end of a teeter high in air. "Want t' git down?" barked a slightly bigger sister, as she held down the other end. "Well, *git* down." And he slid whimpering to safety with no womanly solace for his dark hour. He was a 'fraidy, though, for, later, I saw him descending the slide with two cautious hands holdin g

GET READY! ON YOUR MARK! GO!

where a Titian-haired Jewess pushed the cart of a paler-hued child, where hard-bit men talked on corners and hard-faced unbelted women sat on steps in a patch of shade, while Hebraic characters twisted above the shop-doors and over the dusty windows, spelling commerce of a sort, then a patch-work of signs of other nations, and more houses tailing off through strangely quiet and empty zones to the Exhibition Grounds.

The pulse of the big Fair stilled, the movement of crowds over,—one felt somehow that to step softly were an act of grace, until the Playgrounds reached, brought a relieving sense of life. It was not at first as vibrant a life as usual, for the day was hot and still and little, listless, detached groups sat on the edge of the walks under the trees. The slide was fairly well patronized, the impelling force there coming mostly from without and below, the tug of the earth's eternal gravity. A piquant little daughter of Jacob, all pink stockings and pinker bows and all-day-sucker, frisked most persistently down the slide. A tow-headed the sides. Now, what fun, I ask you, can you get from a thrilly slide *holding on?*

The Strathcona A girls were waiting for the Exhibition A's, who arrived slowly. But when Long Ball finally swung onto the stage, the listlessness of even a sultry day roused to amazing animation. A group of boys hovered on the edge of things, big, shambling boys who slipped among the buildings when approached, and lithe, impudent boys who swung on telephone wires exchanging persiflage, or sat on perilous cornices high against heaven shouting approval or derision at the contestants. "Go it, Cotton-Top," cheered on a Swedish A at the bat. "Come, baby, come to de Healt' Inspector," mockingly greeted a base runner hit by the big soft ball. "Is bad, that boy," pointed out a virtuous female of four to her neighbor of equal antiquity. "Is not," loyally defended said neighbor. "Is my brother. My mother *lets* him climb where he wants." "Will fall," insisted Virtue. "Will not," maintained Loyalty.

Now I want you to meet Bessie

Migicovosky, Russian Jewess, late from Odessa, in Grade Four already, but, to her chagrin, put into Class A, being only fifty-six pounds avoirdupois. Bessie had blue ribbons and a red plaid gown and white stockings, and a heated, eager, little face with brown-brushed dark hair astray over her temples. When I noticed her she was dancing on her toes with excitement, two pricking thumbs rubbing electrically at her waist-line, and catching her breath mostly by good luck. "Why don't you sit down in the shade, Child?" I admonished her. "It iss my shtrikes," she panted, "it vill now bee my shtrikes," and she danced back into the game. Her team grew jubilant as their score mounted, but Bessie Migicovosky propitiated her gods of chance. "Don' you care," she warned, "don' you shouts! Perhaps ve vin, yes. Ve may *not* vin." But they did. And Bessie's thumbs and toes and hair and breath and eloquence are for a pen more swift than the keys of my typewriter. Her team won and we will meet her again on her mounting way.

How shall I now take up my parable of that final week, make it brief, and yet get in all the keen endeavor of it, the mounting pulses, the unconscious revelations? One afternoon the B boys were playing at Argyle, away off in the centre of Point Douglas, an old part of the city, destined to be given over later to the manufacturer, but now a quiet back-water ringed on its outer edges with railways and lumber yards and elevators, but with unexpectedly mellow streets in the heart of it, streets of old trees and human-touched houses, and sunny flowers. Among the names on the bulletin board at Argyle were Muscivitz and Margullus, Rosenberg and Rooney, Herpolstein and Narvolansky, Lazier and Lazarus and Ripstein and Smith. Listen to the supporters on the steps as Playgrounds Ball, which is practically baseball, progresses. "Come on, now, youse bunch o' kids," "Corns on his toes," "I don' know what to do with my money," "Izzi, Izzi, hit de ball, hit it anywhere, sacrifice, let him *in*!" "Wot you doin', you Sammy?" They stood up and clawed the air, their eloquence went into space. And Argyle lost. The young director came up the steps to prepare for Dodge Ball, and the girls crowded around him with little cooing sentences and comforting pats on his sweater shoulders. One girl, her English very prettily broken, eyes like a bee, and with a soft glory of hair, had been explaining things to me. Now she turned swiftly to the momentarily clouded face of the director. "Never mind, we win *to*-night," she assured him, swift with womanly sympathy for the man's hard-felt defeat. Having won the brown young face to a quick smile, she turned demurely to me. "He work so *harrd*," she pointed out, "he feel *so-ore* when he lose, we help heem."

That night I stopped at the swarming big Central grounds, with an ominous red sun setting in a misty autumny sky. The bigger play-folk were here, C's, B's and D's, tumultuous girls and adventurous youths, and there was much gum and ribbons and glad stockings and high-heeled shoes and jollying of stray boys at odd moments and animated sport of an eye-opening sort for that perverse generation who persist in the old fallacies that girls cannot throw straight and do not play the game—*just* the game for the game's sake. It was on this night that the following experience befell the Chairman of the Playgrounds Commission. He likes to tell the story on himself. He had looked in late at the players, tired after a busy day of opening flower-shows and locating the first engine that ever entered Winnipeg, and computing the works statistics of the last month, and the need of comfort was upon him. His favorite pipe came forth, his fragrant tobacco, and with the glow from the bowl warm in the misty night, his face settled into lines of content. A hand touched his shoulder. "Sorry, Sir, but *THE PLAYGROUNDS COMMISSION DO NOT ALLOW SMOKING ON THE GROUNDS*," and the hand waved towards the dimming placards on every post. And a vastly amused Chairman banished his pipe to the inner darkness of a pocket, commending the faithful-

ness of the director, likewise the wisdom of the rule, which he had either not known or had forgotten. But a man and his pipe are not easily parted. And Controller Waugh very shortly really *had* to see a man outside the playgrounds.

Next afternoon the prophecy of the ominous sun of the evening before was fulfilled in a day of mirk and wind, when the Aberdeens faced the Norquays across the Volley Ball net, facing also a half-solid curtain of flying sand. But sand and wind and mirk are negligible quantities when Playfest is nearing the final day. The Aberdeens won the banner last year and are trying to live up to the 1909 traditions. So the players go at it and at it go the rooters —C girls, if you please. When, at half-time sides changed, "Let's change sides, too, to yell," gasped a graceful young girl with a mop of old-gold hair afloat on the north wind. And they changed. And yelled. Let no one think they did *not* yell. As the game grew keener and the rooters more vehement, the outer circle of on-lookers swelled beyond comfort, until primitive passions, nearer the surface perhaps on this raw day of scrapy wind, were roused, and some small people near me fought momentarily tooth and nail and hair for position. "Have conduct!" remonstrated a soft Cork accent, and an older lad sorted out the constituent parts of the tangle as one having authority.

On this day I met the Lady who teaches the youth of Winnipeg the dance and its consequent graces of life. "The Sleeping Princess," a German folk-song and dance, was being practised in a sheltered corner where I had fled to reassemble myself. "Now, *you* may be the Prince," "And *you*, the Princess," "And *you*, the Wicked Fairy," "But the Wicked Fairy must have her head covered." In a trice an infant in a push-cart is separated from her warm shawl to make a Wicked Fairy. The infant howls, but the preparation goes on. "Oh, I like this," gurgles a singing and tripping damsel. Only one maiden is sorrowful. She is just one of the many in the circle. "And I wanted to *be* something," she grieves. In a pause for breath, Miss Logan tells me of a little German girl, listless among her fellows, who one day brightened into animation at the singing of "The Sleeping Princess". She knew it, she said, she had played it in Germany, but she could not sing it in English. "Sing it in German," said Miss Logan. And she danced happily through the game, joined to her kind again. There is another *connecting link*, you see, the folk songs and dances. The little foreign children do the folk-dances best, they being part of their old life in the old land. Then Miss Logan turned to assemble her crowd again for the Town-Teller, while Bessie Migicovosky, still winning, danced up on her toes, thumbs pricking at her waist-line, all in blue this time, all in blue and wind-blown, danced up and hailed me. "I can do it," she stated breathlessly, "I can do that Tattle-Teller lovilee." It is Italian, I think, that Town-Teller, so pretty and quaint in its figures, its bent bodies and snapping fingers. "See that!" and Miss Logan pointed to the ladders pivoted at arm's length above the ground, from which dangled variously-clad legs teetering in the newer fashion, "that is the greatest straightener of backs since physical exercise came into its own. And just see what that Giant's Stride is doing to those little Galicians!" I looked and there they were, soggy little faces and wincey-hidden bodies and heavy wadded feet, but learning activity and a sober sort of joy. "That is what they need," and Miss Logan again took up her tale, "to be roused and quickened to the life of our own, vivid children." And then she was lost again in a mob of clamoring children, and I got mixed into the shrill excitement of A boys at Dodge Ball, wherein an Israelite in whom abode much guile, did queer things to his body that even a devious Dodge Ball could not follow, and so snatched triumph from the flying dust for his adoring team.

Before that final Saturday, hear the brief history of this movement, for I am afraid I have told it all tumbleways as it came to me. Somewhere here I buttonholed a man who assumed the comfortable attitude. "Sit down and

I'll tell ye the whole story." Following that first suggestion of Mr. Waugh's in the Parks Board report, were Dr. Fisher's addresses under Y. M. C. A. auspices, the formation of the Mothers' Association with the object of solving the problems of the boy, and the inauguration by this Association of one trial playground at the Central School in 1907. After Mr. Leo Hanmer, Secretary of the American Playgrounds Association, spoke to different Winnipeg audiences, a Winnipeg Playgrounds Association was formed. In 1909, the charter of the City of Winnipeg was amended by a section authorizing the purchase of land for public playgrounds, and by a second section giving the Council power to pass a by-law appointing a commission to administer the public playgrounds of the city. As Controller Waugh was the member of the Council who had pushed along this legislation, he was appointed Chairman of the Commission. That year $4,000.00 was spent in equipment for six grounds. This year, the appropriation was increased to $8,000.00, and five more grounds equipped. Besides the Chairman, the Commission is composed of another member from the Council, two members from the Parks Board, two from the School Board, two from the Playgrounds Association, and other members representing general educational interests, the Supervisor and the Secretary. Mrs. Dick is the only lady on the Commission, and represents the Playgrounds Association. There are eleven directors and an equal number of lady directors.

And here is Saturday at the Amphithe-à-tre, as they mostly called it. From an infinitude of details had been evolved an apparently perfect plan of attack on a big day's sport. All afternoon and evening, in the big, gaily-draped Horse Show Building, its enclosure all white geometrical figures like a succession of propositions from Euclid, its sides lined with palpitating and sympathizing maturity, all afternoon and evening, several events transpired at the same time without confusion, and followed each the other in due order at schedule time, until ribbons of every known color — and several unknown—were spangled over heaving chests, and the last reluctant groups cheered for everybody and then cheered for everybody else until the band played them finally out into the night.

The voices of the directors had grown hoarse now, and their nerves were like teachers' nerves on examination day. Mr. Hadcock armed himself with a megaphone of Homeric proportions to match the dimensions of the Forum, and if you kept your ear to that megaphone up on a sort of hurricane deck all went well. Heralds affected lesser megaphones which they used indiscriminately to announce results, to direct a game, or to shoo zealous children back to their lawful seats.

For production of varied noises to the cubic inch of lung, Mulvey girls and Machray boys had the rest beaten to a frazzle. It was at night that things grew epic. Out on the ground every sort of game in keen contest, above the band playing something that went "*yip!*" every few bars, while Mulvey and Machray and all the lesser voices swung for a moment together on that inspiring "*yip!*" in one wild note of ecstasy, all around team-cries, groans of despair, blades of sarcasm or shouts of approval. Yet, through the high hysterical temper of the hour everything marched in perfect order. Bessie Migicovosky was there—finer almost than ever, more breathless almost than ever, thumbs electric at her waist-line, spinning on her toes, and her team won at Long Ball, and I pinned a glorious purple ribbon on a panting little Jewess from Odessa, for once silent from sheer rapture and no more gods to propitiate. And Temperament was there with his family satellites, every freckle beamy with a separate brown joy. "Well, Badling," I asked him, "do you know what you want?" "I want Central to win," he answered, quickly and staunchly, his eyes on the Central basket-ball boys. And, do you know, they *did* win. Central won the banner for the most points in the whole Playfest. And Controller Waugh was there, his Scotch granite just polished with shining satisfaction. And the supporters were there. For the last time,

hear them! "Bully fer youse!" "Is she 'sleep?" "Take him off, he can't play marbles," "Tha-a-t's ketchin', tha-a-t's a-playin' 'em!" cut across by the chant, "Up the river, down the river, swim, swim, swim, The Mulveys, the Mulveys always sure to win!" and then renewed, "Looka the face o' *that* kid!" "This is the way he runs,"—a bow-legged illustration. And the Lady of the Dance was there. That was when everything else waited and the cries were all stilled, while the band played in patriotically and softly, that great building full of girls of all kindreds and nations and tribes and tongues, in one hand the Union Jack, in the other the Canadian Ensign, and for a moment, something stung at the back of my eyes, something stung at the back of many more eyes than mine at the meaning of those flags in those foreign hands,—and the music swelled and the small boys hummed, and the flag drill wove its colors across the big lit spaces and its lesson into hearts, and then the quaint Town-Teller passed along and the Sleeping Princess ringed and carolled to the usual happy finale. Then the lively fanfare was on again. Backward and forward the winged words. Sharp on the air the shrill cries. Hot on the game new relays of strong and graceful bodies. Among the older, tireder folk, a measure of magic malt had raised the spirits and quickened the pulses and filled the eyes with light. The whole brimming Amphitheatre swayed susceptible to the vibrations of the Playfest nerves, to the chase of Victory. It was much of a Frisk, but it was more than a Frisk. Hear the boys cheering! Cheering for their team, for their opposing team's good play, for their directors again and again, for their supervisors as they carry them on their shoulders. That was good for them, good for the boys themselves. So, cheering and laughing and beribboned they begin to go out under the shine of the stars, then go slowly and more quietly, some warm close joy slipping until another year from more or less meagre lives—it was not articulate in their speech nor definite in their thoughts, only stirring vaguely within their consciousness—but the feet linger and the eyes look back, tumultuous girls and adventurous youths and shrill youngsters and freckled Temperaments, the feet go slowly and the eyes look back. Then the lights go out and the cars come up and small heads droop and the last seeking hand clutches the glowing ribbon of victory and the big doors shut.

One moment, Mr. and Lady Reader, if you have not all slipped away and left me, like the long-sermoned parson, to lock the door and put the key under the mat myself. Just glance back a moment and see the Sign-Posts pointing to definite results and values of the Winnipeg Playgrounds. The physical uplift, the quickened spirits, the roused minds, the saner attitude, the fusion of race and class, the splendid esprit de corps, the Detention Home boy helped to find himself, the life saved, the busyness that eliminates harmful influences, the links between nations, the whole constructive value in life and character, the lonely young folk helped to gladness. It is well, you say. That is enough, then. *It is well.*

The Abducted Bride

By Emerson Hough

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble" "The Sowing," etc.

Illustrated by Edward Everett

I.

"NOTHING happens," said Runt Ware, discontentedly. "Absolutely nothing happens but tourists. Look at 'em! And me that was an American once."

He sat in front of the King Edward livery barns at Barth, not far from the Royal Edward Hotel of Barth, which, as all men know, is situated near Edward's Peak, deep in the Canadian Rockies. His moody eye turned from the disembarking multitude of the multi-clad and fell upon a stable boy engaged in combing out the tails of four cream-colored horses whose like did not exist in all Canada in respect of stateliness, fatness and fitness to officiate upon important public occasions. Mr. Ware's remarks, however, were not addressed to the stable boy, but to his associate, partner and friend, Billy Hardy—who, with him, owned a large portion of the circumjacent landscape, and the appurtenances, easements, etc.

"I dunno," said Billy, slipping his bulldog pipe to the other corner of his mouth, "tourists ain't bad. They all eat, and they all hire horses; and we adjust the penalties for such loose habits. The boys sold two tons of grub to that Bavarian prince yesterday, and he'll have to hire forty horses of us to get the grub out into the mountains —maybe forty more to get back to town again."

"Oh, *that's* all right," said Runt Ware, vaguely.

They smoked on for a time and watched the boy curry the cream-colored horses, but after a time Billy resumed: "Now, look here, Runt, the way you talk doesn't make any sort of hit with me. Unless you want King George's job, I don't know how you can expect to do any better than we have here. You're captain of the baseball nine, and I run the polo team. We've bought the town a new red fire-engine. We've got stock in the King

Edward hotel, and the Queen Victoria water-works, and the Queen Anne rum-works, and about everything else. We two fellows come pretty near being the entire resident population here, besides all the leading citizens.

"Who hands out the address of welcome when the prime minister comes? Us. Who receives the princes and potentates and crowned heads? Why, us! And yet you sit there studying up for Hamlet!"

"Bar Harbor!" said Runt, his chin in his hand and his eyes far away. "Rye Beach! All those places back home! They're just moving in there now."

"Yes, and Cissie Ann Taylor ——"

His partner turned upon him a cold blue eye. "You may cut all that out, Billy," said he. "I don't propose to stand any talk about it."

They sat moodily staring out at the mountains until finally Mr. Ware arose and stretched his shoulders. "At least," said he, "a fellow can maybe get busy down at the Manœuvres." By this he meant the annual encampment of the Royal Light Horse, in which body he held the dignified position of first lieutenant.

"I think I'll start on over to the camp to-night," he went on. "The new station agent down here is Scotch, fresh over, and I can't talk to him without a dictionary, so I'll go down now and see about my luggitch. Of course you remember that in a couple of weeks the Governor of Alberta, Sir Alfred, is coming to Barth on a visit. You'll find the address of welcome all written out, and under the seltzer bottle on the table down at the bungalow. If anything happens to me so that I don't get back on time, why, you

see that the big barouche and the cream colored four-horse team are down at the station. Send the new English coachman. Tell that Irish clerk at the hotel that Sir Alfred's to have the bridal chamber and the run of the house, with twenty off on all the billiards he plays."

"Yes," said Billy, "I stay at home and do the work, while you go out and drown your sorrows!"

"An officer's duty to his command," replied Runt, drawing himself up, stiffly, "is something which a gentleman cannot forget! It's true our old Major may get to stepping high and infrequent. He usually does; but it's my duty to the British Empire, in my capacity as Adjutant, to see that the camp is run with due decorum and full reference to our glorious regimental traditions."

II.

Cissie Ann Taylor ought not to have been at Barth alone. Especially ought not she to have been alone at the Royal Edward Hotel. There should be a law against all appearances of Cissie Anns alone and unattended at popular resorts. They should be debarred from transcontinental railway trips in the summer time, even with Auntie Marys. Because, they constitute a menace to public safety.

Cissie Ann, plus Auntie Mary, would have been different. None knew this better than Cissie Ann herself. But Auntie Mary, busy photographing Indians at the junction point, east of Barth, had lost her train! What was worse, in her fright and flurry at seeing her own train roll out she had, with great presence of mind, taken a flying leap on board the next train to roll in. This happened to be going down over the Crow's Nest Railroad. If Auntie Mary and Cissie Ann had great good fortune, they might possibly get in telegraphic communication within the next week. If their good fortune continued, Auntie Mary might get around to Barth by way of Hawaii and the Aleutian Islands some time next year. For once in her self-reliant life, Cissie Ann was troubled.

It was not so much the necessity of registering alone and unchaperoned at the Royal Edward, nor even the difficulty of facing many eyes in the highly gilded dining-room and the highly polished corridors. The trouble in her soul existed over the fact that this town was the dwelling place of one Frederick William Ware.

Oh, it had all happened long ago, four years ago. They had parted forever. Cissie Ann almost wished that she had not bought with her own personal pin money that section of farming lands in the far Northwest which she and Auntie Mary had come out to investigate. In one corner of her soul she admitted that when she found her investment, and did not find Frederick William Ware standing at the edge of it to welcome her, she had experienced a distinct sense of disappointment. Neither did Frederick William Ware render himself visible now. Not that she would look at him if he were visible.

Cissie Ann sat down alone on the edge of the bed in her room, surrounded by highly respectable travelling bags. Her hat was tied under her chin with a wide gray veil. Her gray travelling gown was a miracle of unwrinkledness. Her small foot, tapping impatiently on the floor, was likewise a miracle of neatness in its patent leather boot. She raised her eyes and gazed at an exceedingly fetching figure in the glass opposite. She adjusted the bow of her veil, smoothed down her frock. Then, all at once, as she did these things, she observed with surprise that the young lady in the glass had two large tears on her cheek; then two more.

Cissie Ann, alone, in an embarrassing situation, sat down and wept. It was not for the loss of Auntie Mary; it was not for this embarrassment to herself. It was for the sake of the world, this great, desolate, cold-hearted, busy world, into which men sometimes disappear.

Time passed, and Frederick William Ware, being three times called in the open court of Cissie Ann's heart, came not. She wondered whether or not he lived in a single room, all by himself. She wished that she might gaze therein, undetected, hoping to find him living in Spartan simplicity, with no adornments upon the wall save one picture

"NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE BUT TOURISTS!" SAID WARE DISCONTENTEDLY.

of herself, and that surrounded with mournful black. (Perhaps, on the whole, it was just as well that Cissie Ann had no such private glimpse of Mr. Ware's bachelor abode.)

But, after all, a girl must live. In due time Cissie Ann appeared upon the veranda of the Royal Edward. In less than a half hour there were gathered about her in one corner some seventeen distinct nationalities of the male sex, all staring, all turning, twirling or pulling, seventeen assorted mustaches, displaying some seventeen varying costumes, each selected according to the notion of its wearer as to fitness in the "colonies".

And then and there arose a vast wave of feminine hatred and bitterness against Cissie Ann. The entire feminine bosom at the Royal Edward demanded, "*Where* is that girl's chaperon?"

It was a perfectly legitimate and proper question. But how could Cissie Ann have answered it? By this time Auntie Mary was somewhere towards Crow's Nest—far, far away. In truth, not even the next morning's train brought Auntie Mary nor any word of her. What is a girl to do who finds herself thus situated? Obviously, she should send out a tracer for Auntie Mary; and then order a saddle-horse for herself.

Now, if in her evening garb, Cissie Ann had been bewildering, in her cross-saddle riding turnout she was maddening. As she passed up the mountain trail she was followed by a long train of maudlin, gibbering imbeciles; all hating each other, all moody, and all with eyes firmly fixed ahead. In the soul of each of these, from Lord Ellmore Wiltonhaye to Count Adolph, the Bavarian prince, there was implanted a resolution to save this helpless girl's life in case any emergency should arise.

Sometimes mounted tourists riding up or down the trail forgot to call out advance warning before they reached a certain narrow impasse where a high wall arises upon one hand, and a sheer drop-off lies upon the other. It happened that at the very time Cissie Ann approached this portion of the trail, going up, there also approached it, coming down, a florid ex-major of the English Army, who rode as though he had belonged to the Navy. Cissie Ann called out, but her voice was not heeded. The Major, transfixed by the sudden sight of her exceeding loveliness, continued to ride on, down to the narrowest portion of the trail, gazing at her with a stony stare. All at once Cissie Ann found herself in a situation where she could go neither backward nor forward. Neither could the Major go backward or forward. Finding this to be the case, he very sensibly remarked, "God bless my soul!" All the assorted men lower down the trail also remarked, "God bless my soul!" None did anything further.

"Get down, sir!" commanded Cissie Ann to the Major of the Navy. The latter dismounted, gasping. "Come on down, now! Get inside. Let your horse take the edge."

The Major obeyed. His horse crowded him against the rock wall, both grunting exceedingly. "God bless my soul!" said the Major again. "God bl—— ouch!" The horse had stepped on his foot. Wild by reason

of the heavy hand on its bit, it began to plunge, began to crowd down upon Cissie Ann. She, red in both her cheeks, reined her own mount in close against the rock wall.

"Let go of him!" she commanded, her voice high. The Major obeyed. Then Cissie Ann, gathering her mount in with the controlling power of a concentrated body which riders know and horses know, waited until the frightened cayuse came directly between her and the hand-rail. This rustic contrivance creaked and cracked and broke. The mad cayuse lost his forefeet over the edge, his hind-quarters still crushing back. It was then that Cissie Ann put out a little patent leather foot and shoved at his projecting hips with all her strength. Suddenly the horse went over and down with a great smashing of jack pine far below.

Everybody now remarked, with different intonations, "God bless my soul!" Only the Major of the Navy had presence of mind enough to ask if Cissie Ann was hurt.

"No," she answered, coolly. "You'd better ask that plug down there if *he's* hurt."

"You don't mean to tell me he wouldn't be quite dead?" asked the Major.

Cissie Ann raised her level brows. "Do you think a little roll like that would hurt a mountain horse?" she asked with contempt. This view of the matter had not presented itself to any of the others, yet, as they peered over, they discovered at a distance of something like half a mile straight below, the missing cayuse, now eating grass contentedly, enjoying more leisure than he had experienced for the last two months. The cavalcade now returned down the hill. It was thus that Cissie Ann's life was saved—seventeen times.

After this, all the ladies at the Royal Edward Inn called the young American girl a Forward Thing.

On the day following, Cissie Ann did not present a figure of actual aggressiveness, but none the less she finally resolved upon doing something concrete and practical in the way of helping herself to forget. A boat ride on the lake known as the Royal Louise, a few miles distant in the biographical topography which surrounds this colonial resort, seemed to her to offer pastime. Since she pulled a very decent oar herself, and since her chaperon was at Crow's Nest, far away, and there was no one else she knew, she went out alone.

It need hardly be added that, mysteriously conjured from the vasty deep, there soon appeared about her solitary craft at varying distances, some seventeen other boats, each holding a man person bent upon saving the life of Cissie Ann should any emergency arise. Perhaps Lord Wiltonhaye and Adolph, the Bavarian prince, were closer than any of the others. Cissie Ann endured this as long as she could, then folded her sunshade in a roll of fluff and took up her oars to pull back again. She was tired of men.

Perhaps some time you may have seen some gentle, tender, silvery being of the deep surrounded by a school of devouring greater fishes. When this smaller creature is motionless, the others are motionless as well. When it moves, they also move; watching, drawing near. Thus, as Cissie Ann started to pull ashore, all those other boats, variously propelled with clawing, splashing, crabbing oars, also massed and followed after. And then and there it was that Adolph, the Bavarian cavalry prince, rammed amidships the British Navy, as represented by Lord Wiltonhaye.

Cissie Ann thought that everybody could swim, even in ice water, and had no great mental perturbation over the vision of Adolph's disappearing face, upturned mustaches and all. Neither did the smothered "God bl—blub—blub—" of Lord Wiltonhaye as he sank give her any real regrets. She did, however, cease rowing for the time. At last, after a very decent interval, two heads, one on each side of her boat, arose from the icy depths—Count Adolph, bald, hatless and goggle-eyed; Lord Wiltonhaye, still monocled, and with pale and plastered hair.

"Ach-ha-roo-o-o-oosh!" remarked Adolph. Lord Wiltonhaye, far more

"THIS IS LADY ALFRED. I BEG PARDON, MADAM, BUT WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MY OWN WIFE?"

formal and polite, casually began "God bless," etc., etc. It was at that time that a small yet nervous hand, sunburned and unhesitating, caught the owner of each of these expletives firmly by the collar.

"Here, you!" remarked Cissie Ann, sternly, over her shoulder to the most intelligent looking of the nearby oarsmen, "get into the bow of my boat and row us in. Keep still, both of you! Don't try to get in the boat. No, you don't"—and she shook Lord Wiltonhave by the collar.

Finally someone climbed upon the front seat of Cissie Ann's boat; and the marine procession slowly, but with satisfactory safeness, progressed to shore. Thus it was that Cissie Ann's life was saved—another seventeen times.

After this, instead of being a Forward Thing, Cissie Ann was merely a Thing, *tout court*.

III.

It was entirely natural that after the breaking up of the annual encampment of the Royal Edward Light Horse, Lieutenant F. William Ware should take the train for home. It was within the bounds of reason also that he could recognize his own town when the train reached it; and quite supposable, as well, that he would recognize his own carriage at the railway station—even the vice-regal barouche with the four cream-colored horses of state used upon

occasions of importance in his community. It may be said, further, that it was quite natural that Lieutenant F. William Ware should know that the governor of the Province, Sir Alfred, was not on that particular railway train where he belonged, but sidetracked at the junction point far to the east, where at this current hour he was no doubt addressing four trainloads of Americans just coming in, and explaining to them what a beautiful thing it was to have a king and a royal family to furnish names for so much high-class mountain scenery. No one at the junction, however, appeared to bethink himself to advise the reception committee at Barth of this delay on the part of Sir Alfred.

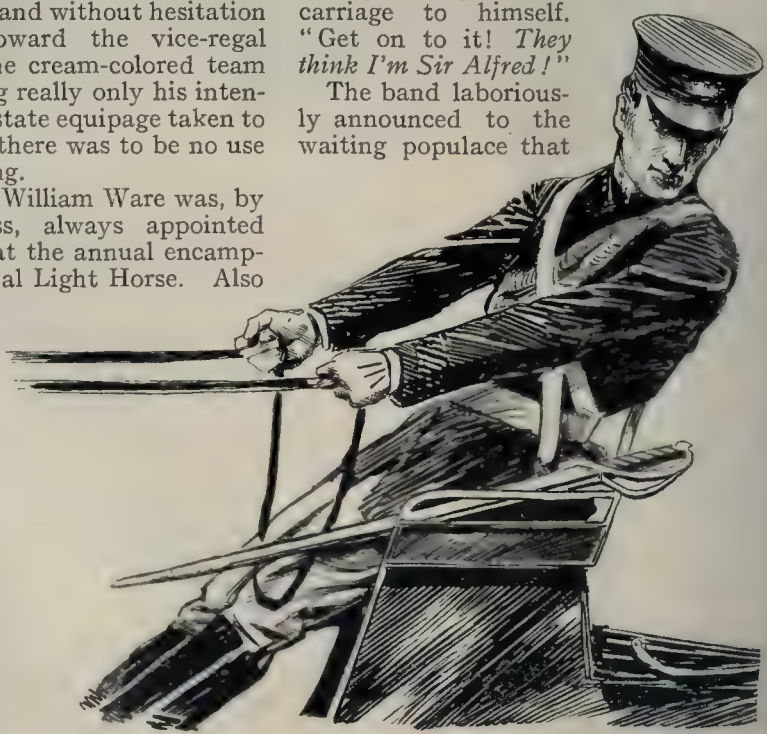
The new Scotch station agent at Barth, in a blue funk at meeting what he supposed to be the Prime Minister of the Dominion, was in no condition to recognize even his own father, let alone Lieutenant F. William Ware dressed up in the full resplendence of his Royal Light Horse uniform. Hence there was a little misunderstanding when Lieutenant F. William Ware descended at Barth station and without hesitation started over toward the vice-regal barouche and the cream-colored team of state; it being really only his intention to have the state equipage taken to the barns, since there was to be no use for it this evening.

Lieutenant F. William Ware was, by virtue of fitness, always appointed Quarter Master at the annual encampment of the Royal Light Horse. Also he was by general acclamation chosen inspector of rifle practice, perpetual officer of the day, master of hounds, archbishop of tennis, and lord high governor of the golf. Everybody at the Manœuvres expected to have a good time, and Lieut. F. William Ware, Q. M., saw to it that he did. None the less, the Quarter Master himself now was not gay. His heart was bowed down with weight of woe as he pondered certain things. Preoccupied, absorbed, gazing straight ahead, he walked across the station platform without noticing the new Scotch agent, and, clad in full panoply as he was, with sword in hand —a very fitting figure of a Prime Minister, as the new Scotch agent thought—flung himself discontentedly upon the soft cushions of the vice-regal barouche.

The new English coachman, who did not know a prime minister by sight any better than the Scotch station agent, took this as a signal to drive up to the Royal Edward Hotel; there being no other place to which a Prime Minister, or anybody else, could by any possibility go. Whereupon he gathered up the reins over the broad backs of the cream-colored team. The band methodically struck up; the escort followed, horse and foot; many unattached carriages as well.

"By Jove!" suddenly whispered the moody occupant of the vice-regal carriage to himself. "Get on to it! *They think I'm Sir Alfred!*"

The band laboriously announced to the waiting populace that



the chief was now in triumph advancing. Runt Ware sat in thought for one brief moment. Then he smiled sweetly to himself. He adjusted his cap, pulled down the tunic under his belt, arranged his sash, draped the long cords of his belt support across his chest, and resting one hand upon his sword hilt, the other in the bosom of his tunic, gazed sternly ahead.

Thus did this image of *lese majeste* progress along the street from the station house, over the bridge across the river, and up the incline to the front of the Royal Edward Inn, where waited a vast, expectant crowd, mostly made of tourists. The band blew valorously. Many 'kerchiefs waved. A venturous voice called for three cheers for Sir Alfred. They were given with a will. Whereupon, rising in the barouche, Sir Alfred, carrying his head high, and wearing a stern, official expression, made a formal and dignified acknowledgment.

It was in this somewhat extraordinary fashion that Runt Ware, or F. W. Ware, or Frederick William Ware, or Lieutenant F. William Ware, alias Sir Alfred, now approached a certain person whom he had not seen for four years. And they did not know —ye gods of woe and luck, neither one of them *knew!*

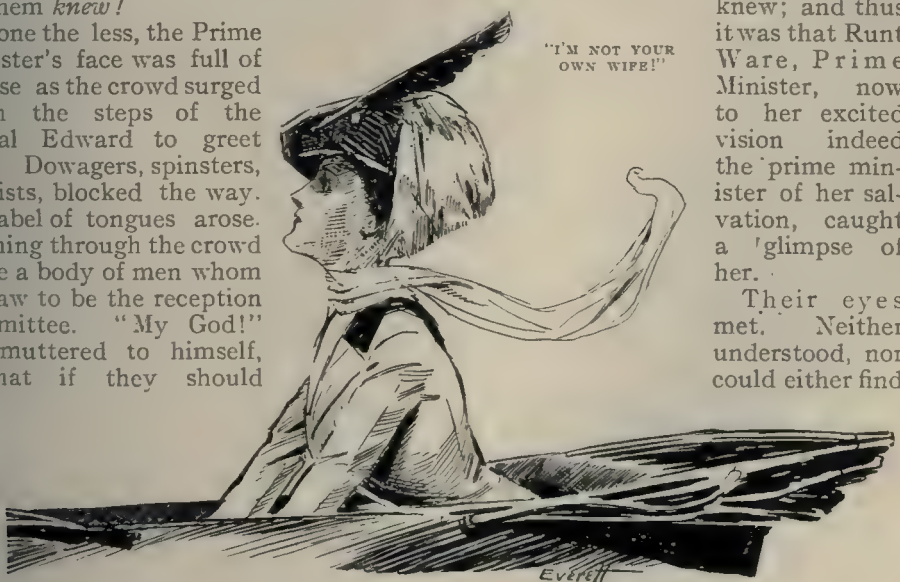
None the less, the Prime Minister's face was full of repose as the crowd surged upon the steps of the Royal Edward to greet him. Dowagers, spinsters, tourists, blocked the way. A Babel of tongues arose. Pushing through the crowd came a body of men whom he saw to be the reception committee. "My God!" he muttered to himself, "What if they should read me my own address of welcome!"

To escape this contingency, the Prime Minister pushed his way up the steps and through the wide corridor. Halted here midway by the crush, he essayed yet other heights of audacity.

"My dear Lady M-m-m-m-m—" grasping the first hand he could find—"I was so charmed to meet your husband." The Ontario school teacher in question had, as it chanced, never had a husband, and drew back confused. The Prime Minister did not notice it, as he was at that time addressing another dear Lady Something-or-other, telling her how much she was improved.

Naturally, there ensued a great crush with the affable dignitary. A certain small and terrified person about this time was caught in the crowd and swept on in spite of her will toward the place where stood a figure and arose a voice exceedingly familiar to herself.

Poor Cissie Ann! She was sadly elbowed and jostled that night. Which way she turned, she found not one friendly face. Full of fright, now quite out of hand, almost lost as to her self-respect, her eyes piteous, her hair tumbled, her gown crumpled, her face full of the first fear she had ever known, she was slowly pushed toward the space where stood the owner of the voice she knew; and thus it was that Runt Ware, Prime Minister, now to her excited vision indeed the prime minister of her salvation, caught a glimpse of her.



Their eyes met. Neither understood, nor could either find

a chance to ask. Cissie Ann turned her face toward the fat grocer's wife who was elbowing her.

In a flash the Prime Minister saw and understood; or at least if he did not fully understand, he took his chance, and that is all any man may do.

"I beg pardon, my good Lady M-m-m-m," he said to the grocer's wife, who overshadowed the shrinking figure at her side, "but do you *know* this lady?"

The grocer's wife bridled and sniffed.

"Indeed, Sir Alfred!" she said scornfully. "*No* one knows her. She's alone here altogether, you know."

The Prime Minister edged through the crowd. "Alone? What do you mean?" he asked.

"*Quite* unattended! These Americans——"

The Irish clerk from the desk, flushed and anxious, broke through the surrounding line. "I beg pardon, Sir Alfred," he asked, "but what is your pleasure as to going up? I beg pardon, but is Lady Alfred with you, as was planned?"

Then it was that Runt Ware showed himself a great man. "Certainly," he answered. "*This* is Lady Alfred, there. I beg pardon, madam, *but will you permit me to shake hands with my wife?*"

Cissie Ann saw and heard! She saw him turn to her now, color in his sunburned cheek, his head uncovered. He pushed through and took her hand.

The crowd fell back, troubled astonished. To their extremest astonishment they saw Sir Alfred and his lady proceed, not forward but down the steps, into the vice-regal barouche!

Sudden fright arose. Consternation was expressed by many who guessed that perhaps Sir Alfred resented some indignity to Lady Alfred, who, for some unknown reason, had travelled on ahead incognita. The reception committee fought wildly to get through the crowd, the Chairman with an address of welcome in his hand.

Sir Alfred, with Lady Alfred upon the seat behind him, waved the driver from the box, took up the reins himself, and rapidly tooled the cream-colored team out into the open air, into the high white hills, up the winding mountain trail. None dared follow.

"Oh, by the way, Cissie Ann," he asked, turning about after what seemed to her an age of silence, "what *are* you doing *here*, anyway?"

No answer from scared Cissie Ann, weeping and unstrung.

"What *were* you doing here?" he repeated. "Oh, hang it! I know well *enough* what you were doing. You were at your old tricks. You couldn't help flirting, even with a cigar sign. Those two fellows I saw standing by you in the corridor—but I suppose you couldn't help it?"

No answer for some moments. Then, "I *didn't*."

"Woman, I repeat, what do you here?" asked Runt, sternly. "How came you alone and unattended into this dash blamed joint that I happen to own, by the way? Tell me, quick!"

No answer. Then "I *won't*."

Runt Ware chuckled. "You haven't changed much in four years, Cissie Ann," he said blithely.

"You'd be better if you *had* changed," said Cissie Ann, tartly.

"Woman, cease!" rebuked the Prime Minister, sternly. "I shall entertain no idle talk from my own wife!"

Silence. Then, "I'm *not* your own wife."

"No? Then a lot of folks down there are mighty well fooled about it, including myself. If you aren't, you're *going* to be, and mighty quick—I mean jolly well quick. Didn't you hear me—er—call you by—er—that name down there in the hotel?"

"Yes, I d-d-did. It was horrid of you!"

Silence for a long time, as the fat and wheezing team climbed up the mountain slope. At length the Prime Minister resumed: "Honestly, Cissie Ann, I was going to come back to the States to see you. I was just going to start day after to-morrow. You ask Billy." Silence again, till his ancient grievance arose.

"Oh, hang it, Cissie, you just never *would* let men alone. You'd flirt with a camel driver at a Wild West show if you couldn't do any better. You'd wake up a drunken sailor to smile in his face.

You'd flirt with a minister of the Gospel, and make him forget his sacred office. From your French teacher down to old Deacon Potter, that ran the grocery store, you just couldn't and wouldn't let men alone. Now, what was I to do? I kept away from you for four years. I come here now, not expected, and what do I see—"

"It isn't *true*!" The little figure on the back seat stiffened. "On my honor, Fred, I didn't. It's the only time in my *life* I didn't, but I *didn't*. Back there, at home. I just couldn't *help* it. A girl's a girl. She can't help it. I was going to think a g-g-great deal of you, Fred, but you carried on so abominably with that Sally Currier from New Orleans that—Oh, you have no heart at *all!* And now *look* how you've situated me here. *Your wife! My word!*" She stole a look out of an eye-corner.

"Go on! Duke. Get up! Prince." So spoke the unperturbed voice of the Prime Minister, who still was chuckling to himself. "Woman, you wrong meh! I *seemed* to be gone on Sally, but the truth—the entire *truth*, Cissie Ann—is that it was my farewell performance. I knew that in a few months I was going to be where I'd never have another chance to look at another girl in all my life—and never want one."

Silence for a time. Then, "Did you *really* feel that way, Fred?"

"Of *course* I did! Didn't you hear me say it?"

"So did *I*."

"Oh, you did? Well, now, as wife of the Prime Minister of these colonies, and a possible successor to the throne of the British Empire—no one can tell what'll happen these days—you've got to cut all that out. I won't have it. There's not a jealous hair in my head—but when I see another man talking to you I just get wild! Well, I won't *have* it, that's all."

"Nor I, either!" said Cissie Ann. "I won't have you carrying on with other girls. That's what—what—broke it off."

"Yes," said Runt, slowly and solemnly, once more touching up the lead team. "Yes, Lady Alfred, that's what brought us to this pass. I have been, much against my will, forced to marry you to save your reputation! Woman, tell meh—tell meh, what hope is there for a happy future after all that has passed between us!—Oh, dash it, Cissie Ann—what's the use—I beg your pardon. But you *know*!"

He turned about and climbed into the back seat. Their cheeks met as their arms clasped each other in the vice-regal barouche. Cissie Ann sobbed freely. The Prime Minister gurgled in his own throat.

"It was—it was—*noble* of you," gasped Cissie Ann, finally.

"Madame, in honor, I could have done no less!" said Runt Ware, solemnly.

"But I say," he looked up, "where are we? What's become of the rail on this embankment?"

"Oh, that?" said Cissie Ann, vaguely. "That's where that horse went down the other day. Look out, we might slip over, ourselves."

"*I* shouldn't mind, now," said Runt Ware, happily.

. . . . . .

When, how, or where the Prime Minister and his consort got down off the mountain is not of record, but it apparently happened some time. Perhaps the highly intelligent Jap, who played shortstop for the baseball nine covered as well as possible the question which for some time rent social Barth asunder and filled the Colonial press with bitter discussion.

"Whether Sir Alfred and our honorable captain are one and the same persons is honorably permitted to doubt; also whether our Captain was married to his wife at time of reception to Sir Alfred, or day after same reception. But it is not now permitted to doubt our Captain is east on wedding journey with his honorable bride. The honorable Lady Mary, Auntie of same, is not yet discovered also."

THE OLD DUTCH HOUSE AT BRISTOL, CENTURIES OLD AND STILL AS SOLID AS WHEN THE CORNER-STONE WAS LAID

Bristol: A Commercial Revival

By Ernest Cawcroft

Illustrated with Photographs

BRISTOL is the ancient as well as the modern gate to the West of England. The city is becoming the newer gateway to London. The commercial glories of which the town boasted in the days of the oncoming Spanish Armada are reviving during a period of steamships and dirigibles. Bristol not only derives historic glory from the fact that the town is the conflux of highways over which passed the successive invaders of England; but it secures a prestige accruing from a sound geographical position, coupled with the presence of men, both in an ancient and this modern day, whose personalities marked them as promoters of commer-

cial progress. The town of the ancient Society of Merchant Venturers felt the feet of Roman legions when London was a handful of mud huts in an out-of-the-way marsh. The way that the invaders passed has pointed the route to the automobile tourist seeking the glorious and picturesque nooks of Devonshire and Somerset. Bristol and Bristollians take a pardonable pride in the fact that their city is the largest in these two historic counties; nor are they unduly boastful, in the presence of such age and achievement, in making it clear that as the conquerors sought the line of easiest access, so in this modern day the natural approach to Bristol by the sea should invite the consideration of the captains of commerce. The Bay that merited the thought of the Roman Legions and the Estuary which Napoleon mapped as one of the three points of strategic importance in any invasion of England for the purpose of cutting London's food supplies from the rear, is worthy of attention in a day when the problems of exportation and importation are dependent upon the safety and the natural capacity of cargo terminals. Is it not evident that if Napoleon's Marshals found in Bristol Channel the natural way to London, does that not imply that modern commerce may follow this same route in seeking the markets of the world's metropolis? And if the Roman Legions built their highways into and out of Bristol, does that not indicate that this is to be to an increasing degree the route of the gasoline tourists? Trade follows the tourist; and it was with that thought in mind that a study of the revival and development of the ancient Port of Bristol is rendered opportune in a day when one commercial centre competes with another by enlarging the mechanical facilities for the ingress and exit of imports and exports.

ALDERMAN H. W. TWIGGS, CHAIRMAN BRISTOL DOCKS COMMISSION

Hardly a day passes that Mr. Twiggs does not show the docks to official investigators from the cities of Europe and America

But the historical interest which attaches to Bristol's commercial position need not be based upon the operations of Romans or their successors. It is indeed a fact that the city was given commercial prestige in the seventeenth century through the ships and men which the citizens provided to meet the Armada. The coming of the Armada precipitated the same emotions in the hearts and pockets of Bristol merchants as did the advance of the pirate Morgan in the Moorish-tinted mansions of Old Panama City; and some measure of the known wealth and acknowledged patriotism of Bristol in the seventeenth century may be gleaned from the fact that the British Admiralty expected Bristollians to do more than any other body of citizens in making provision for the repulse of the Armada. The people of that city knew the Spanish Armada was headed for their port because in those days it was the most accessible on the West Coast of England; and the wealth of its merchants who had grown rich in the slaves and

the slave products of the tropics, invited the armed attention of the money-lust of Latin peoples. Once the Armada was repulsed, and the part which Bristol had played in stopping the invader on the High Seas became known to the world, the city profited by that commercial prestige which attaches to the conqueror whether his efforts have been successful in peace or in war.

Thus, for another hundred and fifty years, Bristol and Bristollians continued to wax wealthy. There passed through the business streets of the city in the early days of the eighteenth century, men who reaped their profits from the sugar estates of Jamaica and San Domingo, with the same ease that the Wheat Kings grow fat in pocket on the lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan; the sugar plantations and sailing ships of the eighteenth century were the predecessors of the Elder Dempster fleet of ships, which now carries Bristol society to Kingston for the winter season and brings back the Jamaica bananas to supply the markets of Europe in competition with the United Fruit Company, of Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and Mobile. But the competition of these English and American companies for the control of the production and exportation of the Jamaica banana to the markets of the world, is not the only historical or current factor which connects the people of Bristol with those of the United States by ties of sentimental and financial interest.

Let it be admitted as a fact of interest in connection with the commercial evolution of Bristol that the merchants had the same self-concern in the preservation of the slavery system as did the Cotton Kings of Savannah and Charleston. They fought the effort to free the slaves in British possessions because they honestly believed that it would deprive their sailing ships of those products upon which they depended for cargo, and which they sold to their fellow citizens as food. They held to their conviction with the same sincerity as those Cotton Kings of the South, who thought they perceived in the coming emancipation of their slaves the ruination of their plantation and the downfall of the American cotton industry. These comparisons are here recalled not for the purpose of casting odium upon a race of men and their sons, who have thrived with and without slaves; but as a means of directing attention to the fact that Bristol, as the leading mailing port of Old England in the dying days of slavery, played a distinctive part in the settlement of the industrial cities of New England. And is there not a historical continuity in the movement of English emigrants through the Port of Bristol into the New World? Does not the shaft which rises on Bristol's hills to the memory of Cabot impress upon the mind of the visitor the fact that this pioneer, who sailed from Bristol, was the first European to touch the continent of North America; and is it not equally singular, as well as historically reassuring, that out from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, not far from the shores which Cabot skirted, the Canadian Northern Steamships are sailing to carry Dominion cargoes to Bristol, and in turn to take the body of emigrants that assemble in that city to the wheatlands of the Canadian Northwest?

But the day arrived when Bristol became the victim of its prosperity. Waxing wealthy on Jamaica sugar estates tends to ruin the initiative of the succeeding generation; Bristollians were so rightly convinced that no Glasgow or Liverpool could deprive them of their mastery of the sailing squadrons of the world that it dulled their foresight to such an extent that they failed to comprehend the part that steamships were to play in determining the fight for commercial supremacy. In the days of the sailing vessel, the capacious estuary and river which lead to Bristol were sufficient to provide for harboring the ships and discharging their cargoes in the heart of the city; one sees in the small brigs which now land on the river quays adjacent to the city square, a surviving reminder of the schooner traffic that entered the very heart of the town; but the modern inventory was not contented with small steam crafts, nor did the rising price of coal encourage the propulsion of ships of small tonnage, particularly when the

AVONMOUTH LOCKS AND DOCKS

Railway lines, hydraulic cranes, twenty acres of shedding and all modern appliances make unloading and loading an easy matter

UNLOADING BANANAS AT AVONMOUTH OLD DOCK

The West Indian trade is an important part of the Bristol business. Special fruit stores and warehouses have been erected in connection with the new docks

THE BRISTOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DELEGATION TO CANADA. THESE MEN CLOSER TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN

increased expense of manning is involved. Hence the day of the modern steamship arrived when the natural terminals provided by Bristol were inadequate. The abolition of slavery throughout Britain and the coming of the steamship were pivotal events within the life of one generation; and these were the factors inducing the gradual stagnation and decline of Bristol as the second port of the United Kingdom.

Take your map of England for the purpose of comparing the natural capaciousness of Bristol Channel with the cities of the Thames, the Clyde, or the Mersey. Comparison shows the superiority of Bristol until the coming of the larger steamships demanding artificially deepened harbors and mechanical appliances of the highest efficiency for the discharge of cargoes, overcame the natural situation. The masters of the sailing craft were either too rich to progress, or too poor to grow, just in that day when the steamship was making the foundations of Liverpool and Manchester possible. It must be borne in mind that the substitution of the steamship for the schooner meant the rapid abandonment of the latter and the complete reconstruction not only of the harbor but of the terminal facilities. When the steamship was coming into vogue to make a Liverpool possible, private interests controlled the water front and harbor terminals, which were the keys to the commercial life or death of Bristol. Thus the city became the victim of its own prosperity; and Liverpool and Manchester were fortunate in their inferiority because there were not pocket-book interests to retard the necessary evolution of commercial facilities and the organization of terminal conveniences. Liverpool, like a Western city starting life with broad streets and Pittsburg lights, needed no fire to wipe out terminals and facilities of manifest insufficiency; but Bristol, like some Eastern city, continued to suffer from the persistent existence of private interests which menaced the common welfare.

But the day arrived when Bristollians decided to revive Bristol. They declared their intention to add modern conveniences to their naturally capacious harbor facilities. If Liverpool were in a position to construct miles of municipal docks, and Manchester deemed it advisable to build a ship canal for the purpose of being located on the sea, the people of Bristol reasoned that private interests should no longer retard their natural development.

James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, is authority for the statement that the one way to solve the problem of freight

SPENT THREE WEEKS IN TOURING CANADA, WITH A VIEW TO ESTABLISHING ENGLAND AND THE DOMINION

congestion is to provide adequate terminals for the cheap and speedy disposal of cargoes. He even goes so far as to assert that the enormous sums which railroads and their steamship lines must spend in purchasing lands for terminals near the great centres of population, will necessitate the governmental guarantee of railway bonds. If the government must guarantee these bonds, it must in turn have the right of foreclosure in event of their not being paid; and when one couples the remarks of Mr. Hill with the conclusions found in the report just issued by Commissioner of Corporations Smith, bearing upon the terminal problem, he is convinced that the Aldermen of Bristol were right in proceeding to the direct construction of municipal docks. A view of the docks of the Avonmouth district is well worth the attention of those who know that the terminal problem bears a direct relation not only to the competitive freedom of traffic but to the price of food-stuffs. To-day the visitor will observe that two large docks lie on the Gloucestershire side of the Avon; one was constructed in 1877, and it covers nineteen acres and it will accommodate vessels 475 feet in length. Seven years later it passed into the hands of the city, and it was made the basis of effective dockage development. On the seaward side of this dock lies the Royal Edward, one of the most famous municipal undertakings in the history of the United Kingdom, and perhaps no better known wharf exists in the world. It has an entrance lock of 875 feet by 100 feet in width, and it has a depth of 46 feet. The water area of this dock is 30 acres. There is the Graving Dock with 914 feet of length, and then there is the Portishead Dock, which was constructed in 1880 and later acquired by the city. This dock adds 12 acres to the water privileges of the system, and it will accommodate ships 450 feet in length. The total acreage of all the docks owned by the City of Bristol is 144, and the length of the quays exceed 9,000 yards, or some five miles in extent. Adjacent to these docks will be found over a quarter of million square yards of shedding space, and the granary already established makes provision for fifty thousand quarters of grain. A glance at the granite construction of these immense docks shows that the work has been done with the same thoroughness and with that same characteristic effort to assure their stability for centuries, as marked the building of the Devonshire and Somerset Cathedrals. Not only do these docks provide safe anchorage for the larger ships, beyond the possibility of any oceanic storm, but the large cranes running over the adjacent railroad

tracks indicate to commercial managers that it is here possible to discharge their cargoes without such a terminal expense as may absorb the profit of a voyage. The holding of costly ships for an undue time to discharge their cargoes, involving the same unnecessary increasing of the interest account on the investment, has proved to be the insurmountable objection in this case as it did to the construction of a canal providing for the slow passage of ocean steamers through New York State to the Great Lakes. It must be the constant effort of cities that desire to increase their commerce, to so enlarge their natural terminal facilities that not only the expense of discharging cargo, but the interest on the ship while in port, may be reduced to a minimum. We should not be backward about praising the invigorated initiative of a city whose citizens will consent to the expenditure of twenty-five millions for improved docks. It is true that the expenditures for these docks have increased the tax rate of Bristol; but the conclusion is equally sound that the coming of a larger volume of commerce through the Canadian Northern steamships and the easier and cheaper exportation of Bristol products, have not only followed in the wake of this expenditure but they have stimulated assessed valuations to such an extent that the initial investment will be met thereby, even if it were not true that the legitimate charges for the use of these docks and storage facilities will meet the operative cost, and provide a sinking fund to pay the bonds. These are facts of interest to those commercial leaders of the United States and Canada, charged with the development of municipal terminal facilities somewhat adequate to the handling of the exportable products produced on the fertile acres of the Prairie Provinces.

Thus, Bristol is coming into its own. The city has made provision for the modern steamship and the captains are acknowledging the geographical advantages of the ancient port, just as they did in the days of the sailing vessel. In the days when foreign commerce disappeared from the inadequate wharves, Bristollians did not forfeit their supremacy as manufacturers and exporters of wine, tobacco and chocolate; and when we add to these created values the accruing advantages of handling the exports and imports of the United Kingdom in larger volume each year, it is evident that Bristol is to reassume the rightful place which it occupied in the commercial annals of the eighteenth century.

And this commercial revival has given the people larger hope and clearer vision. The city has again become a cosmopolitan mart as it was in the days before unfriendly tariffs ruined the Jamaica sugar plantations. Seldom a day passes but what Alderman H. W. Twiggs, the devoted Chairman of Bristol's greatest enterprise, shows the docks to official investigators from the cities of Europe and America. The event of the past year was the connecting of Montreal and Bristol by means of the Canadian Northern steamships; and now Bristollians look forward to the day when steamships will run from Bristol to all the principal ports of the Atlantic seaboard. And is it not fair to assume that as commercial leaders are attracted by the fame of Bristol's docks, they will in turn not only seek to improve their own terminal facilities, but they will plan to connect the enlarged wharves of both nations by modernized steamers?

Since the days of Cabot, the Society of Merchant Venturers has played a distinct part in the commercial and historical upbuilding of Bristol. It has encouraged navigators and sent them over the Seven Seas; to-day it aids in sustaining a technical school with which to train Bristol young men to compete in the markets of the world. But just as the Merchant Venturers have played and are playing a history making part, the Chamber of Commerce at Bristol seems to possess the New-World vigor and initiative of similar bodies in cities of Western Canada. Twelve months ago, Mr. Henry Riseley, a retired business man, who is seeking to do something for his native city, went as a delegate to the Conference at British Chambers of Commerce, held at Sydney, Australia; and during the latter part of the summer he headed a dele-

gation of his fellow members who toured Canada for the purpose of investigating the business methods of the New World, and in the hope of finding a common ground for exchanging hard wheat for Bristol Milk. The Bristol Chamber of Commerce is one of the first cities in the history of commerce to empower a delegation to visit a foreign shore for purposes of commercial diplomacy. The event of the past summer has elicited widespread comment throughout the British Empire; editors as far distant as London, Victoria and Melbourne, have found in the expedition another evidence of the renewal of those imperial ties which assure the stability of the British Empire; but whatever relation the delegation headed by Mr. Riseley may bear to the political future of these colonial sons of a common mother, it is certain that the way has been paved for a closer commercial understanding. Moreover, the Riseley delegation from Bristol has established a precedent which other ambitious cities are destined to follow.

The creation of an adequate docking system and the enlargement of the vision of the people following a renewal of Bristol's commercial prestige, find their reflection throughout the United Kingdom and North America. Is it not apparent that the improvement of the competitive docking facilities of one Port of the Kingdom forces the others to plan similar extensions? And do we not know that if Bristol or Liverpool pursue a policy of dock enlargement, the ships thereby accommodated must be assured of similar conveniences on this side of the Atlantic? It is at this point that competition becomes a force for reciprocal commercial development. Thus Bristol has established a precedent; and competition, no less than civic pride, are prompting port cities on both sides of the Atlantic to follow this remarkable example.

Honest Confession

By Roy R. Bailey

"Y-A-A-S, I know dose ekks are goot," and Mrs. Mueller's sharp old eyes snapped as she said it. "Yassir, Meester R-R-Robert! For I know de hens what lay dem, ja!"

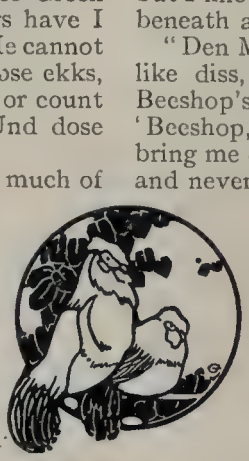
Shifting the empty basket on her arm, she drew her neat gray shawl closer about her eighty-three-year-old shoulders and beamed at mother as if her statement were a new and distinct revelation. As, indeed, it was; for though our family had heard it almost every morning for many years, there was something about the faithful, uncompromising personality of the good old German woman that flooded even faded sayings with fresh color and significance.

I was always glad when mother paused long enough in her morning work to chat with old Mrs. Mueller; I liked nothing better than to listen to their talk. They were so absolutely different, in tradition, general makeup and training; yet they understood each other so perfectly that their daily exchanges of impressions and convictions were among the brightest spots in my vacation days. The good woman turned to me and nodded again in

vigorous confirmation of the quality of her wares.

"Dot iss so, sir," she repeated, with a quiet finality I found myself almost envying. "You can ask Major Green about dot. Twenty-two years have I bring Major Green de ekks. He cannot say I efer tell him lie about dose ekks, or efer count dose ekks wrong or count dot money wrong, neider. Und dose ekks is all-ways goot, ja!"

I wished that I could say as much of some of the securities my trusted advisers had purchased for my account, and I said so. Her thin, worn old hand shook with honest pride and pushed back a rebellious lock of hair toward its lonely companions, gathered into a meagre knot of gray as uncompromising as her integrity itself. Mother smiled understandingly and went on with her ironing, while the piercing gray eyes of Mrs. Mueller bored into mine like fearless gimlets.



"Sure, Meester Bop! Und de Major, he will tell you dot, ja! One day, I wass in his offitz, and when he gifs me de money for dose ekks and hant me back me pail, he say, 'Sit yourself in a chair for a minute, Missus Mueller. Pretty soon de Beeshop is coming. I want him to lay eyes on dis woman what brings me ekks for twenty-one yearss and never lie to me!'

"I was pretty scared, den, and I don't want to stay. But de Major, 'Sit down, sit down!' he say. 'Dis Beeshop, he won't hurt you, no!' So I sit down, and pretty soon de door open quick. . . . und dot iss de Beeshop coming in. You know him, Meester Bop—dot Beeshop?"

I had to smile at the unconscious mimicry that drew her gray eyebrows down into laughable imitation of the grim old Bishop's shaggy ones. It had been my fortune to know Bishop Mackenzie well, and to realize something of the kindliness that softened, like a lining of velvet, the indomitable spirit of the old pioneer. The frozen Northwest remembers him gratefully for the rugged, untiring industry that carried the light into the waste places, but I knew him also for the man he was beneath all that. I nodded.

"Den Major Green, he take my hand like diss, and he put it right in de Beeshop's hand like dot, and he say: 'Beeshop, diss iss Missus Mueller, who bring me de ekks for twenty-one yearss and never tell me lie.'

"De Beeshop, he look at me again, very sharp. 'Dot iss hartly possible,' he say, very solemn. 'I haf watched people dese sixty yearss, yes, and nefer find such people except in dreamland!' "

The awe in the good old lady's voice bore eloquent witness to the reverential attitude of the Vaterland's children toward bishops and other ministers. She smoothed her spotless apron with dignity, and beneath the spare locks strained backward from her honest forehead, her shrewd old eyes suddenly began to dance.

"Major Green," she continued, with a triumphant note in her voice, "he laugh, and say: 'Yes, dot iss so, Beeshop. Twenty-one years, she bring me de ekks, efery day, rain nor shine. . . . . and never yet a r-r-rotten one, no, sir!'

"De Beeshop, he shake his head at dot. Oh, I can tell you, Meester R-R-Robert, he wass so surprised he hartly can belief dot, yet. 'How can such things be possible?' he say . . . . and den I sees he was wrinkling up back of de eyes—all little funny krinkles like diss. Den I feels better pretty quick, und I laughs a little myself, too.

" 'Meester Beeshop,' I say, 'I am poor old woman. Dot ekk-money—I need it so much! Hartly can I wait for dot money bis de ekks dey are laid, yet —how, den, can I wait till dey are r-r-rotten?' "

"OLE PETER'S GULL"

By BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

"WHICH one?" I whispered in his old ear, nervously.

"Thet there one. Him with th' red legs. Ya. Thet's him!"

My camera clicked.

"Ketch him?" he piped, "'d ye ketch 'm?"

"Yes," said I, "I caught him. It's a good light, too."

"Oh, goodie! goodie!" cried the little old fellow, and he fairly danced around me in his excitement, "Goodie! Now I'll know. Now I'll know exactly how they do it."

But I closed the camera and wound up the last of the roll with just a little bit of a sheepish feeling. Here was I consorting with a queer old man who looked like seventy and acted like ten, and who had a crazy notion in his head that he wanted a picture of one of the lake gulls. I felt that I had damaged my dignity.

It was on one of the Grand Trunk steamers on the Port Arthur-Sarnia run. I was on my way from Winnipeg to New York. We had just left Thunder Cape glowering on the sky-line behind us, and I had made my way up from the promenade deck to the observation salon, where nothing but broad panels of glass shut one in from the breeze from the open lake. Everybody else must have been below preparing for dinner or stowing the baggage away, for the salon was deserted save for one person—the old man. There he was, crouched down on his knees close to the glass panel, looking out. He was holding in front of him and against his chest a small black box. He peered alternately into the top of the box and out over the lake. His hands trembled and he seemed very excited. Finally he seemed satisfied of something and pressed a lever on the side of the box. It made a click. I knew then that it was a box camera. I supposed that he had been photographing one of the rugged old freighters or a slatternly wind-jammer, or some of the strange old sights of the lakes that have been photographed times uncounted but that are never old and never half appreciated until one sees them creeping past the swift liner, fighting it out with a north wind and a head sea, or slinking down a canal under the electric lights, weather-stained, tough old characters.

"Say!" he cried, impulsively, and looking up again, I saw him fully for the first time,—the merriest looking little man I have ever seen, clothed in old worn garments but scrupulously clean and brushed to shinyness. His skin was as pink and soft as a girl's. His eyes were bright as a boy's, and he

was hugging to his stomach a bit of a box camera. "Say!" he repeated, eagerly, "D'ye think I got 'm? D'ye think I was near enough?"

"Pretty long range to catch a steamer," I replied.

"Steamer!" he piped, "Steamer! 'Tweren't a steamer. 'Twere a gool, a gool! Don't ye understand? 'Twere a gool I were after. But d'ye think—d'ye think I got 'm?"

While he waited for a reply, his face assumed the most droll and melancholy expression.

"A gull! I'm afraid your chance was slim with so small a camera." But he looked so disappointed that I was persuaded to add: "But if you really need a picture of a gull, perhaps you'd like me to take one for you. I have a large camera down in my cabin."

"Would ye?" he cried, and I thought he was going to embrace me, "Oh, if you only would. Y' see I paid a dollar fer this here machine down to a druggist's in Port Arthur, just to get a picture of one of them there gools and now—and now you say you don't think it'll be any good. Will y' take one fer me with your machine?"

"D'YE THINK I GOT 'M? D'YE THINK I WAS NEAR ENOUGH?"

And so it was that I fished up my big camera and took the picture of one of the gulls that was following the ship just abreast of the observation salon. He had pointed out to me the one that he wanted and just how he wanted the picture. It was a great white fellow with silly red legs that did not seem to be any use until you saw him rescue a morsel from the water. The way that the bird followed the ship with such apparent ease, that he scarcely moved a wing and yet could keep up with and pass the swiftest liner on the Great Lakes, was enough to excite any one's admiration. I snapped the shutter just while the big fellow was taking a long glide down the wind close to the ship's side.

After dinner I produced my developing outfit from my trunk and with a blanket over my transom and over the window, developed the film. It was the last of a roll. Afterward I made a wet print of it and handed it to the strange student of gulls.

His hands fairly shook as he fitted on his gun-metal spectacles, and he bent over the print excitedly.

"Oh, jiminy cricks!" he exclaimed to himself, "my jiminy cricks! Thet's it! Thet's how they do it! I know. I know now!" and he went off to a seat, holding the print in his hands and muttering to himself as he went. He seemed to have forgotten me altogether.

I went outside and stayed on the open deck till late. There is a fascination about the lakes. Here and there along the horizon were little triangles of lights, combinations of white and red and green, by which a man might read which way the ships that wore them were going, and whether or not they had tows. The soft summer wind, laden with all sorts of healthy qualities, blew softly and steadily against the vessel. It made a purring, sleepy sound that should have made anyone sleep deeply and soundly. The smoke from the funnel slipped out with a little sigh and vanished astern. Some place away down underneath the engines were singing softly to themselves. I was standing close by the window of one of the cabins, very contented, when suddenly, right beside me, I heard that piping voice.

"I say!" he called softly.

Turning, I saw him with his head thrust out of the cabin window. He wore a blue flannelette night-cap,

tied in a great bow under his chin.

"I say," he said, just like a boy trying to make amends, "I say y'll hev to excuse me. I were thet excited when I got the picture that I clear forgot to say thank ye. I was just going t' sleep when I remembered. So I want t' thank ye for takin' the picture. It's—Oh, it just shows what I want," and he went off into a rhapsody of chuckles and indefinite explanations.

That was all I had to do with him for the rest of the voyage. He stayed in the glass cabin, watching the gulls.

. . . . . .

I was in a baggage room on a wharf at Toronto when next I saw the old man—Peter Marigold, I had learned was his name. I was on my way back from New York. The old fellow was wrapped up in an ancient ulster, with his bright little eyes fastened in the clouds, while his wizened-up little body reposed on the top of a snubbing post. A flock of gulls was making a noise like the complaining of fifty creaky gates. But the old man seemed intent on the one particular bird that flew with all the grace and ease of an angel propelled by wireless.

"He's been out there every morning this week," said the baggage man. "He's batty, I guess. He brings a lunch and a can of worms and a little foot-stool. He puts the stool at the foot of the snubbing post and hoists himself on top. Then he sits there all morning watching them gulls. Crazy, I guess."

I went out and spoke to Peter. He motioned to me to be silent.

"Say," he whispered, drawing me down so that he could whisper in my ear, "Say, I'd much rather you wouldn't stay around long. That there overcoat of yours is what Maria would call sort of—sort of brash and it might frighten the gools. But say, d'ye see that there one with the bit 've orange peel? Well, I'm studyin' him. He's the best flier I've seen, and gools are the best fliers there are. Say, though, d'ye know if they eat worms? I brought a can with me. I want to ketch one."

I said I thought they did and fled,

"IT'S ME," SAID MR. PETER MARIGOLD

laughing when I thought he couldn't see me.

. . . . . .

I caught the steamer train next morning just as it was pulling out of the Union Station. The upper lakes steamer was waiting at the other side of the station platform as the train pulled into Sarnia. I had engaged my stateroom by wire and stayed there until the boat left. It was late in the evening. I had had supper in my room, and then went out for a smoke on the main deck. It happened to be empty. It was scarcely ten minutes before I heard a strangely familiar voice, half like a boy's, half like an old man's. It came from just under my shoulder.

"It's me," said Mr. Peter Marigold, "I always take this here line because they hev thet glass room on the top and y' c'n see the gools better."

"Oh, yes," I answered, shortly. I did not care to observe to him that one usually had some better reason for preferring a certain line more than the mere fact that the boats carried a glass observation room. "What's up now?" I asked.

"Lots," piped he, cheerily, "I got one."

"One what?"

"A gool."

"How'd you get it?"

"I made a patent trap on the wharf and caught one. Then I chloroformed 'm. I can't bear t' kill anything with vi'lence. I poured chloroform down a crack in the box."

"Chloroform? Well—well, you're the limit."

He laughed with me.

"I wish't you'd do somethin' for me again," he began, uneasily.

"What?"

"Will y' keep 'm fer me?"

"Well, I—really now, Mr. Marigold, I——"

"Sh!" he cried, "don't get mad, please. He's quite dead, only he—he, —well, he is slightly odiferous. He smells like er fish. The purser says I'll hev to chuck him out and I—I can't —I want him."

"Well, I don't, Mr. Marigold," I observed, coldly.

"Oh! Well, could you help me hide him?"

"Where?"

"Behind a life-boat."

So I did. He gave me a parcel that smelled of fish and felt like feathers, and I stowed it snugly out of sight behind a big life-boat. He stood watching me as I climbed back over the deck rail.

"Now," I demanded, "Now, Mr. Marigold, will you be so kind as to tell me why the dickens you want to know so much about gulls?"

I was sorry for speaking that way, at once; he looked so hurt,—as though he had suddenly begun to appreciate his real age. He rubbed his hands together nervously, and looked immensely unhappy.

"Well——" he began, finally, "mebbe you'd laugh?"

"No, I won't laugh," I said.

"Because," he continued, as though he had not heard me, "everybody laughs."

"Well, now, Mr. Marigold, I am sorry I spoke that way. I did not think it was so serious. Don't let me pry——"

"No. You ain't prying. I'm going t' tell ye. I was going t' anyway. I'm building a air-ship, a flyin' machine."

"Er—er—what?"

"Er flyin'-machine." And suddenly when he saw that nobody intended laughing at him, he emitted a terribly long chuckle and started his funny little dance all around the deck. "Hurrah!" he ejaculated, softly, "Air-ship! Air-ship! Flyin'-machine! I'll go sl-l-l-l-lid-d-d-ding-g-g-g through the air just like them gools. They're the best fliers a feller c'n study. Their bodies is heavier 'n air and my machine is almost like one, and now, I know exactly how they slide and how they flap along."

. . . . . .

It was a wonder he didn't break his neck. If he had, I would have felt bound to support his widow. Still, she aided and abetted in the thing. She told me, when he and she had taken me out to the remote edge of their farm on the outskirts of Port Arthur, that she fully approved. Peter, she explained, had mended bicycles when they lived in Toronto, but they had started West in order, as she put it, to keep abreast of the times. Their courage gave out when they reached Port Arthur, and there they had stayed. Peter had secured some farm land and they lived fairly comfortably by raising vegetables and selling them. But one day Peter had come back from a trip to Fort William, telling her how he had heard several men talking about a man that had built a flying machine that had been really successful, and on the way home he had noticed the gulls flying, and had been seized with the idea that he, too, would like to fly.

"He didn't want to be an inventor," she said. "He only wanted to fly. I always said my ole man never had half a chance to hev any fun, so when he thought of it, I says, 'Peter,' I says, 'Go right ahead. I'll he'p y'.' So there it is."

The three of us stood on a height of land far back from the little-travelled road. A sort of over-grown hen-house occupied the eminence of land. One end of it swung open on hinges and therein I beheld—old Peter's flying machine. It was made of bicycle

THE MACHINE STAYED UP—FOR A WHOLE MINUTE IT WAS IN THE AIR

tubes and bamboo and factory cotton. Three wheels from a baby-carriage raised it from the ground and the frame work amidships supported a small gasolene motor. It was geared either to the axle or to what appeared to be two enormous wings.

"Peter," I said, solemnly, "Peter, you aren't going to risk your neck in that thing."

"You're a liar," he piped, cheerily.

"Yes, but——"

"Say!" he interrupted, "did you ever take the trouble to think what it'd be like to fly? No, of course you didn't. Did you ever want to? No, of course you didn't. But I hev been thinkin' and thinkin' and I tell you—" he began rolling up his sleeves just like a young man going to do battle, "I tell y' that's what fer I've this machine."

And he flew. He started the engine. He threw over a wooden clutch-bar; and the wheels moved the thing out of the shed and out to the brow of the little hill. I noted that the ground was soft. Suddenly he pulled another lever and with a fearful noise the factory-cotton wings started to move. Peter gave a run, pushing the machine, and as the thing reached the drop in the ground it rose, the wings supported and old Peter—flew.

Fat Maria jumped up and down on the ground for joy. I blinked and said many powerful things. The machine stayed up. For a whole minute it was in the air, twenty feet above the ground, swerving this way and that, but flying nevertheless. Suddenly it rose abruptly and just as suddenly fell like a stone into the generous branches of one of Peter's trees.

We fished him down with a step-ladder. The thing was wrecked. Peter was silent. We walked back to the air-ship shed and sat down, he with his chin in his palms.

"Hard on the tree," he observed, presently.

Maria patted his shoulder and I waited.

"Too bad," he sighed, again, "but then," and he began to brush the splinters from his coat, "but then—I dunno. Maybe 's just 's well. Dunno as I'd like air-shippin' much. 'Sides

the neighbors 'd be jealous. An' I couldn't take you, Maria. No, I wouldn't. You wouldn't know how to save yourself, Maria. Then, again, it made me sea-sick."

Another long pause. Maria continued to pat his shoulder comfortingly.

"Maria, would you mind goin' along back to the house and startin' t' git supper. We'll be along direckly."

When she was safely out of hearing, he turned to me.

"Say!" he demanded. "How the devil do them birds steer?"

ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

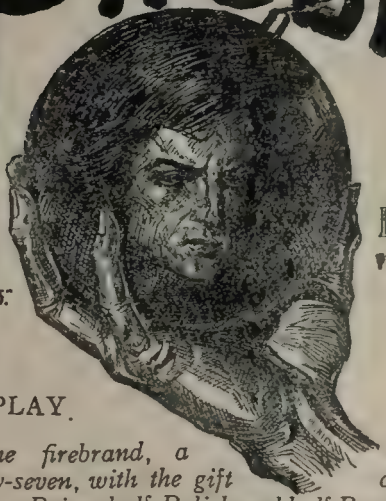
ON THIS fair field, this daisy-dimpled place,
Two nations wrestled, locked in fierce embrace.
Low rolled the gun-smoke like a fleecy skein,
Red flashed the lightning in the leaden rain.
Here lay a Kentish man, all stark and cold,
And here, a Gascon, chivalrous and bold.

And daisies, snowy white with hearts of gold,
Were stained with red, and e'en the rocky mould
Was torn and shattered by the racing guns.
A thousand mothers mourn a thousand sons;
Hate flames on high, an all-consuming blaze;
And Fraser rages through the forest ways.

To-day, sweet-scented turf divinely green,
Peace, brooding o'er the grand majestic scene.
The daisies show no hellish crimson stain,
The rocky mould is fair and smooth again.
And far across the noble kingly stream,
We see blue mountains lying there a-dream.

Sunset. The rosy rays illume the west,
The laurentides are mansions of the blest
In jasper, amethyst and purple fold.
And now, across the stream, in tones of gold,
To prayer and praise our thoughtless souls are called.
Sweet are the bells of far St. Romuald.

The Firebrand



BY
ARTHUR STRINGER
AUTHOR OF "THE WIRETAPPERS," "THE GUN-RUNNER", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

OTTO SCHNAUBELT—*The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.*

PHILIP DRYSTER—*A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.*

LOUISE DRYSTER—*His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.*

OLGA NIKITA—*A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.*

ROCHETTE
SCHMIDT
TODARO
WATCHEL
} *Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt, over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of conglomerate nationalities.*

NIKOFF—*Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.*

DOYLE—*Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.*

ENGLISH BUTLER and FOOTMAN—*In the employ of the Drysters at their Long Island country home.*

SYNOPSIS.

A band of Nihilists draw lots to see who will blow up with a bomb Philip Dryster, the "Wheat King," and the choice falls on Otto Schnaubelt, their leader. He is foiled in his attempt to kill Dryster, and by the suggestion of Mrs. Dryster, agrees to stay in their home as a guest for a week to see if the anarchist and the millionaire cannot reach some common ground of understanding. Dryster promises not to make any moves during this time, but breaking his promise, secretly arranges to deport the band of Nihilists to Europe. Meantime, Mrs. Dryster proceeds to make a "tame robin" of Otto, who adapts himself to this new life with surprising ease.

ACT III.

SCENE:—Same as Act Two. TIME—Morning, one week later. Philip is discovered breakfasting alone. He has lost his florid look. His face, haggard and drawn, shows his nerves to be unsettled, and a sense of unuttered anxiety is expressed by his quick and fretful movements as he sits at the table. He flings down his morning paper, crosses to window, looks out, returns to his seat, and irritably rings for the butler. He pretends to be reading as the butler enters.

PHILIP—Is Mrs. Dryster back yet?

BUTLER: No, sir.

PHILIP: Are you sure she's riding this morning?

BUTLER: Yes, sir. With Mr. Schnaubelt. (*He impassively proceeds to clear the table.*)

PHILIP (*Trying to conceal his anger*): Don't take those things away. I rather imagine she'll want breakfast.

BUTLER (*Calmly*): Mrs. Dryster and Mr. Schnaubelt had breakfast at a quarter to seven, sir.

PHILIP (*Unable to restrain angry gesture*): Ask Doyle to come here.

BUTLER: Yes, sir. (*He exits. Philip rises, crosses to windows, returns to table, and flings himself again into his chair. He has the paper once more in his hand as Doyle, with secretarial impassivity, steps into the room, turning to close the door after him.*)

PHILIP (*Shortly*): Well, what have you done?

DOYLE (*Quietly*): I've brought her, sir.

PHILIP: Brought *who*?

DOYLE: The Nikita woman.

PHILIP: Well?

DOYLE: I'm afraid, sir, we won't get much out of her.

PHILIP: Why?

DOYLE: Because she refuses to talk.

PHILIP: Then, why didn't she refuse to *come*?

DOYLE: She seemed to want to come.

PHILIP (*With ever-rising tension*): Damn her, we'll make her talk. I'm tired of jumping through paper hoops for this gang. I'm getting sick of this whole rotten business. I never put in such a week in my life. I can't stand it. I won't. It's got me so I can't even sleep. I can't do my work. I can't watch my market. I tell you I can't keep the damned thing up. I've got so I can't go through a door without watching every step I take. I've got so I expect to see a bomb and time-fuse in every corner I look at.

DOYLE (*Quietly*): Yes, that's the worst of it. That's how these Terrorists always try to work. They count a good deal on cold feet.

PHILIP: On what?

DOYLE: I mean they do more through fear than they do through gunpowder!

PHILIP: But I tell you I can't stand all this cursed uncertainty.

DOYLE: We've got the net pretty close round them now, sir. We got Schmidt yesterday; and Rochette last night. And the woman's here, where we can watch her. We've practically got the whole gang now, except old Nikoff.

PHILIP: Did Nikoff get away?

DOYLE (*Confidently*): We'll have *him* by to-morrow. We'll have him hog-tied by the time the deportation papers are made out. (*Looking up at Philip's angry gesture*) *He's* not the one that counts, sir—he's the one-legged old opium-eater who maunders around with a concertina.

PHILIP: No, he's not the one that counts. The one that counts is the man right here in my house.

DOYLE: You mean Schnaubelt?

PHILIP: Yes, Schnaubelt. He's the key-stone of the whole cursed situation. He's the one I can't reckon with, I can't pin down. And he's the one I've never been able to trust.

DOYLE: You don't need to trust him. We'll have him where we can sling him back where he belongs.

PHILIP: Barcelona's the place for that tub-thumper.

DOYLE: There's just one point, sir. The thing's got to be done quietly. If this Inner Circle gets a chance to talk, to kick up a dust, our Washington people will kind of have their hands tied. You see, with things as they are, it'll get both the Labor organizations and the Socialist gang stirred up. There'll be a big squeal about tyranny and denying the right of asylum—the

same sort of rumpus they had in the Pouren case and the Federenko row.

PHILIP: We don't want a row. We can't have a row.

DOYLE: That's why I say we must go quiet, sir.

PHILIP: But how about this woman here, this Olga Nikita?

DOYLE: She's here all right, but she's the best imitation of a mummy I ever bumped into.

PHILIP: Did you ever try —— (*His pantomime implies the passing of money.*)

DOYLE: She didn't give me the chance.

PHILIP: Where is she now?

DOYLE: In your study.

PHILIP: Is that safe?

DOYLE: She's not armed.

PHILIP: Then send her in to me.

DOYLE: Very well, sir. (*He starts to go and turns back*): Will you let me make a suggestion?

PHILIP: What?

DOYLE: She'll be very stubborn, sir, if you try to bully her. I'd advise the other tack.

PHILIP: Good God, you don't expect me to fraternize with that whole gang, do you?

DOYLE (*Persuasively*): Just bear with her a little, sir.

PHILIP: I've eaten about all the crow I can stand.

DOYLE: I tried the other way. And it didn't work.

PHILIP (*Resignedly*): Well, send her in. Wait, what's the matter with her?

DOYLE: I guess she's worrying about this man Schnaubelt.

PHILIP: What's Schnaubelt to her?

DOYLE: He seems to be her comrade, as they call it.

PHILIP: What's that?

DOYLE: You remember Ferrer had one, and Gorky had one. You see, they don't believe in things as we do—in marriage and all that.

PHILIP: What do they believe in?

DOYLE (*From the door*): In everything nice and free, sir.

(*Philip frowningly watches him as he goes out. He suddenly flings down his paper, crosses to the French window, stares out, wheels, turns to the window again, then crosses to the table and seats himself. He snatches up his paper, crushes it, and smoothes it out, pretending to read as the door opens and Olga, with upthrust black veil and black clothes, steps quietly in. She is followed by Doyle.*)

DOYLE (*Hurriedly*): Scanlon wants to speak to you, sir.

PHILIP: Where is he?

DOYLE: Speaking over long distance from the office, sir.

PHILIP: What's he want?

DOYLE: He says it's urgent.

PHILIP (*Autocratically and with a gesture of dismissal*): Well, I can't talk to him. (*Doyle goes out. Olga, all this while, has been studying Philip's face. He, in turn, studies her. Then he pulls himself together, with a wan sort of punctiliousness, and rises.*)

PHILIP: Won't you sit down? (*He motions towards a chair. She does not speak.*) Let me take your coat. (*He takes the threadbare little black coat, looks at it, and then looks at the girl's white face. Then he more gently motions her towards the chair. She slowly sinks into it, still watching him. There is a moment of silence during which he seems the less at ease of the two.*)

PHILIP (*Awkwardly*): Now, won't you let me ring for coffee or breakfast or something? (*She slowly shakes her head, in negation, but still does not speak. Philip sits down. The girl's eyes wander about the room.*)

OLGA (*Low yet abrupt*): Where is Otto?

PHILIP: Otto is quite safe. You have my word for that.

OLGA: Where is he?

PHILIP (*Unable to restrain a note of bitterness*): At this precise moment he happens to be enjoying the morning air, to be out horseback riding somewhere along the Sound, with my wife. And for a man who comes out of an East Side cellar, he seems to enjoy a blue ribbon mount rather more than you'd expect.

OLGA: You hate Otto.

PHILIP: On the contrary, I admire him. I admire any man with nerve enough to think he can make a Republic of ninety million people knuckle down to him!

OLGA: Then, why have you kept him a prisoner here?

PHILIP: My dear young lady, he's never been a prisoner here. He's been as free to go and come as you or I would be, as free as the air.

OLGA: Then, why has he never come back?

PHILIP (*Pointedly*): You mean back to that Forsyth Street printing-shop cellar where you and he and the rest of the Inner Circle just ten days ago drew lots as to which one of you was to blow me up with a bomb?

OLGA (*In alarm*): He told you that?

PHILIP: I've been told many things during the last few days—and I think your young friend has learned a number of things.

OLGA (*Gropingly*): Then—he—is happy?

PHILIP: Extremely so.

OLGA: I—I am glad he is happy.

PHILIP: Why?

OLGA (*Wanly*): We all want to be happy.

PHILIP: Pardon me, but what do you *mean* by being happy?

OLGA: I scarcely know. It's so seldom we are.

PHILIP: I can understand you there. But is seeing Otto happy going to make you that way?

OLGA: That is all I live for.

PHILIP (*Studying her*): Then—then supposing I told you I was willing, on certain conditions, to help you and him, supposing I had enough belief in his future to let him and you go to Europe and study and teach and carry on his school there, his *Esceula Moderna* as he calls it, without being worried as to money matters,—supposing I thought I had enough money to spare a little of it for a movement like this, would you help me to persuade Otto it was for his own good?

(*She sits staring at him, still silent.*)

PHILIP: You and he would be together then, without worry, without danger.

OLGA (*Closing her eyes*): Together!

PHILIP: And I imagine it would be healthier work, that he'd live longer.

OLGA (*Aroused by the harder note in his voice*): Otto could never forsake the Cause.

PHILIP: Doesn't it rather look as though he *had* forsaken it?

OLGA: I will never believe it. Never. Until I have seen him.

PHILIP: My poor child, do you imagine he's idling here about my house for a week if he feels the way he felt ten days ago? Could anything I ever did turn him from a—a tiger into a house-cat?

OLGA (*With increasing alarm*): I *must* see him.

PHILIP (*With a movement towards the windows*): You'll see him, all right, any time now. You'll see him ride down that garden path there on one of my best English hunters. (*The thought seems to anger him.*) And if he ever goes back to the Cause, as you call it, it will be only in one way and one place—that's on the other side of the Atlantic.

OLGA: He can not—he dare not leave us.

PHILIP: But what can you do, if his eyes have been opened, if he's come to see things from the—the other side, as it were?

OLGA: Oh, I do not know. But I must see him.

PHILIP: Why, if he's no longer one of you?

OLGA (*With fear on her face*): That is why I must speak to him.

PHILIP: But supposing he won't see you?

OLGA: He must.

PHILIP: Then you think you can get him back to the Inner Circle?

OLGA: I must see him—in time.

PHILIP: In time for what?

OLGA (*Hesitating, and then facing him with a gesture of surrender*): They have all turned against him. They blame him for what has happened. They call him an informer, now, a second Azeff. They know he is here. They think he has betrayed them.

PHILIP: I don't blame them.

OLGA: But you do not understand. They are afraid of him now, afraid for what he knows of them, for what he can do to them. No one can ever leave the Inner Circle and live.

PHILIP (*As he starts and stares at her*): What can they do?

OLGA (*With tragic quietness*): They will kill him. They are going to kill him. They are coming here to kill him.

PHILIP (*Staring about the room*): Who's coming here?

OLGA: The man they have appointed.

PHILIP (*Craftily*): What man?

OLGA: I can not tell you.

PHILIP: You mean one of your band?

OLGA: I can not say.

PHILIP (*Suddenly, after a moment of silence*): You mean Nikoff! Nikoff's the only one loose!

OLGA (*Staring*): You—you also know that?

PHILIP (*Striding back and forth*): I know more than you all imagine. (*He stops*) Tell me this: Where's this man Nikoff now?

OLGA: I do not know.

PHILIP: You must!

OLGA: No one knows. That is what makes me so afraid. That is why I must see Otto.

PHILIP (*As he strides to window and the sound of voices and laughter come from outside*): Of course we must see Otto. And there he is, you see, not thinking of Nikoff or you or any of the Inner Circle that sent him here. (*He laughs bitterly, and strides across the room to the door, which he quickly opens. Doyle is discovered on its threshold, apparently discreetly on watch there.*)

PHILIP: Doyle, take this girl to the library. Keep her there until I send for her. (*He turns to Olga*) You and I have got to work together, do you understand? We've got to do it, whether we like it or not. If you want your Otto back you've got to leave this to me. (*He holds the door and motions her hurriedly out. Then he takes a deep breath, crosses to the table and seats himself with his newspaper, waiting. As he does so, Louise and Otto enter. Louise wears a dark riding costume and carries a riding-whip and gauntlets. She is flushed, and obviously exhilarated and buoyant from her open-air exercise. Otto is not the same wild figure of the*

AT THE SOUND OF VOICES AND LAUGHTER, PHILIP STRODE TO THE WINDOW TO SEE HIS WIFE AND OTTO RIDING DOWN THE GARDEN PATH

earlier two acts. His thin face has more color. His hair has been cut, and he wears a flower in his button-hole. He even seems abstractedly proud of his patent-leather riding-boots. Yet he moves, when not directly under the gaze of Louise, with a sort of caged-hyena restlessness. He retains, in fact, his habit of abstraction, speaking like a man in a daze, yet content to watch Louise out of eyes that are both reverent and mystified. He obediently takes her whip and hat when she holds them out to him.)

LOUISE (*To Philip, deep in his paper*): Why, Bunny, still here?

(*She affectionately touches his bald spot; his face, as he turns and regards her laughing eyes, is grey and set.*)

PHILIP: Still here? Of course I am. (*With a bitterness he cannot hide*) Did you enjoy your morning ride?

LOUISE: Otto, tell Philip what it was like—what a glorious gallop it was.

OTTO (*Raptly*): It was like sitting between the wings of the morning and soaring through space and forgetting there was either earth or cities or sorrow. It was like riding back into the youth of the world when the dew of the first morning was still fresh on the hills of Time and the rivers and valleys had never been stained with the blood of men. It was like feeling the power of a god between one's knees—it was freedom—it was life!

PHILIP: And did all this happen right here on Long Island? Reminds me how you changed your opinion about that eighty-horse power of mine. It was some kind of hellish engine of oppression until you took a ride or two—then it turned into the pearl-shod chariot of Phœbus-Apollo cleaving the paths of heaven.

LOUISE (*Curtly*): Otto, take my gloves. (*To Philip, as Otto takes the gloves, and she weighs the silver coffee-pot in her hand*) What's upset your nerves again, Bunny? How much of this coffee did you drink?

PHILIP (*Shortly*): I don't know.

LOUISE (*To Otto, whose subjugation she is not averse to parading*): Bring me that chair. (*She studies her husband as he pretends to read*) Otto.

OTTO (*Moving absently about*): Yes?

LOUISE: Did you cut my roses this morning?

OTTO: Could I have forgotten that!

LOUISE: I imagine you did. So, go down to the lower terrace and get me Bourbons and Richardsons, and some Tourmalines, and a few Pompones.

OTTO: Bourbons and Richardsons and Tourmalines and Pompones! (*He turns away, and speaks as though to himself*): And down on Avenue A I've seen children die with a dandelion stuck in one of their medicine bottles! (*He goes dreamily and abstractedly out, and Louise stands looking after him*).

PHILIP (*Quavering with the suppressed indignation of the man of success unused to taking second place*): You've almost got him so he'll eat out of your hand, haven't you?

LOUISE (*Staring at him*): Bunny, you haven't been yourself for this last three days. What is it? (*He flings down his paper*) What's the matter?

PHILIP (*Unable to control his voice*): You know what's the matter!

LOUISE (*Holding herself in*): Do you mean Otto?

PHILIP (*Savagely*): I mean the way you're acting with that man.

LOUISE (*Quietly, almost wearily*): But Otto's only a boy.

PHILIP (*Turning the knife in the wound*): A boy! And I'm an old man, I suppose. I'm an old——

LOUISE: It's not your age I'm objecting to, Philip, it's your unreasonableness.

PHILIP: I'm not so unreasonable as you imagine. I can see what's going on here, and by God, it's going to stop.

LOUISE (*Her quietness obviously coerced*): Philip, it's hard enough having one scatter-brain to look after, without having *you* that way. Now, just what do you mean?

PHILIP (*Floundering, in his misery*): I mean your—your behavior with that East Side rotter, your——

LOUISE: He's not a rotter.

PHILIP: With that undersized, underbred, underground little Jew! With that cellar-rat!

LOUISE: He's not a Jew. He's not a rat. He's not under-bred. He's a second cousin of Prince Luitpold of

Bavaria. His mother's family comes down from the Counts of Wittelbach of the twelfth century.

PHILIP: That gang of half-mad degenerates!

LOUISE: Yes, Otto calls them that himself. But he's not like the others.

PHILIP: No, he's a genius—with nitro-glycerine!

LOUISE: He has intellect, soul, ideals. He's a poet, a dreamer. There are times when he seems to have wings.

PHILIP: And very engaging ways with the ladies.

LOUISE: But for all those wild theories of his—and no matter what he may believe in—he's one of earth's unselfish spirits. I can see it. I've always felt it. He seems to have the power of moving people. There are moments when he seems able to lift me up, like a whirlwind.

PHILIP: It's slipped your mind, I s'pose, that he came into this house to lift *me* up—with a bomb!

LOUISE: I haven't forgotten that, of course. And that's what makes it all so funny.

PHILIP (*Disgustedly*): Funny!

LOUISE (*Musingly*): In two weeks' time I'll have him quite tame.

PHILIP (*With explosive anger*): Tame, and in double harness, with me for coach-dog!

LOUISE: Bunny!

PHILIP (*Losing all control of himself*): Don't Bunny me. I've had more of this thing than I can stand. I'm sick of it. I've stood off and let that damned Nihilist do what he wanted. I've listened to his sophistry and let him stalk through my home as though he owned it. I've put up with his insanity, with his insolence and poppy-cock. I've watched him order my servants about and trail after you like a house-dog. But there's a limit to everything, and I tell you we've come to the limit. I'm not going to see my wife made love to under my own nose!

LOUISE (*As she sits staring at him*): Why, Bunny, what harm has Otto done? What harm—

PHILIP: It's made my home into a dog-kennel. It's made me think of you as I never dared think of you before. It's got me so I can't sleep. It's spoilt my health. It's ruining my business. It's making a fool of me. And I've stood all I'm going to stand of it. He's had his week. His time's up. The thing's settled. I'm going to end all this rot, and end it good and quick.

LOUISE (*Forbearingly, as before a spoiled child*): How can you end it?

PHILIP: By bundling that whole gang of Anarchists out of America.

LOUISE: But still I don't see how you can do this.

PHILIP: Oh, I'll do it. It's as good as done now. And your East Side Prince and every man-jack of that gang's going to be packed off to Europe where they belong.

LOUISE: Philip, have you done anything, after giving Otto your word of honor you would wait for a week? Have you broken your promise to Otto?

PHILIP: Promise! Honor! What does that breed of rat know about honor? I'm sick of quibbling and hair-splitting. This has got to be a case of fighting fire with fire. It's too late for pink-tea arguments. It's come down to a matter of dog eat dog. And I don't intend to be eaten. I don't intend to be hounded out of my own home—if it still is my own home.

LOUISE: Of course it's still your own home. But that isn't the question. What I want to know is, have you broken faith with Otto? Have you been anything but honest with that boy?

PHILIP: This isn't a matter of table-manners any more.

LOUISE: It's a matter of honor. That's what worries me.

PHILIP: Why should that worry you?

LOUISE: Because we've got to be fair, terribly fair, with Otto. He's had so little justice in this life.

PHILIP: Fair with that bomb-thrower! So that's the tune you sing. So you actually want to make it easier for this gang to pull our house down about our ears. So *you're* against me, too!

LOUISE: Philip, don't say that. I won't——

PHILIP (*Swept on by his savagery*): Go on, then. Take your day. Enjoy

it—for it's going to be the last one! (*He turns and strides to the door.*)

LOUISE (*As he goes out and slams the door*): Philip! (*She stands, amazed, then she rings the bell and moves slowly to the table, absently studying it. She is still deep in perplexed thought as Otto enters through one of the French windows, carrying an armful of garden-roses. These he places on the table, before Louise, who does not speak. Then he puts down the shears and garden-gloves. He is still staring at her as the butler enters, apparently to clear the table. Otto sees the newspapers and stops short.*)

OTTO: Wilson, take away those newspapers, those poultices from the ulcer of civilization.

WILSON: Yes, sir. (*He goes out with them, indignantly.*)

LOUISE (*Very quietly*): Otto.

OTTO (*Stopping his hyena-stride*): Yes.

LOUISE: Sit here. I want to talk to you.

OTTO (*Swept with relief*): I wish you would, all day long, for ever and ever, until this earth is ashes and there's no such thing as Time.

LOUISE: That would be rather uncomfortable, I'm afraid, and we'd both be a bit bored. Otto, what have you been thinking about all morning?

(*As they sit there the door slowly opens and Olga enters, unseen and unheard. She shrinks back into the shadow of the farthest corner, but her white and troubled face can be seen always watching Otto as he talks.*)

OTTO: I've been thinking about you.

LOUISE: You're wrong there; I don't believe you've been thinking about anything.

OTTO: Isn't that what you asked me to do?

LOUISE: You haven't thought much about the past, have you? About your earlier life, about your years in Europe, about your—your troubles in America?

OTTO: I have tried *not to think.* That was part of the plan. You said you would make me forget. (*He moves restlessly*) You *have* made me forget.

LOUISE: And there are some things, Otto, you've almost made me forget. (*She looks at him, wonderingly*) I've felt at times that I'm like a lady in a rather lonely tower, who's called a lute-player into her court. You've told of things I've never seen, I've never known. You've even made me a little dissatisfied with ease, with idleness. I don't know whether your theories are right, or whether they're all wrong. But to me there's something bewildering about them. I can feel them stir and move me, even while I can't approve of them. But, you see, ladies in lonely towers have their own lives to live. And the lute-player has *his* way to go—on and on, to strange corners of the world. (*Olga, shrinking back, mutely wrings her hands.*)

OTTO (*Resenting the gulf she is throwing between them*): And you'll sit here behind these walls like a beautiful ship chained up to a stone wharf-side, without once feeling the thrill of open seas. You'll always stay here, under glass. You'll always look at the world through glass, through windows—brougham-windows, house-windows, car-windows. And that will be the tragedy of your life.

LOUISE: What a comic, comfortable sort of tragedy it will be. (*She shakes her head*): No, Otto, you're the tragic figure.

OTTO: Look at me here—I'm comic. *Your* life's the tragic one. You are lovely to the eye. You are as soft and beautiful and mysterious, to me, as some wild animal I can watch behind bars. But all the time I watch you, I know you are in a cage.

LOUISE: Women get used to that.

OTTO: But still you're tragic. You're trying to cheat Life. You're trying to get something without giving anything for it. You have never known pain. You have never created. Why, you have no children.

LOUISE (*Shaken*): No, no! I had a child. I lost him. (*With a sob.*) You can't blame me for that!

OTTO (*With a bitter arm-wave about him*): I blame *this*, this life of toys. It's all toys, playthings—you're engulfed in them. Pictures and books and music and horses—all toys. You drug your brain with them. You buy automobiles the same as you'd buy

anæsthetics. They're only a merry-go-round with an elastic orbit, a toy for grown-up children. You try to stop your heartaches with operas; you drug yourself with drama. You snuff cocaine from novels, the same as old Nikoff snuffs it out of his palm. You make houses and gardens, but they're toys, all toys

LOUISE: Then where do you draw the line? Isn't ambition, isn't service, isn't all your own life-work, only a toy, something to make existence a little more endurable?

OTTO: But you keep pretending you're something more than an animal. You never see blood. You have soft colors on your walls, and cut flowers in your rooms, and silk against your skin —and all the while life, turgid, raw life is teeming somewhere outside your doors.

LOUISE: Yes, Otto, I know; and it doesn't always seem fair.

OTTO: But you put up with it; you count on it.

LOUISE: I can't see things the same as you do; my life's been so different.

OTTO: Different! Yes, and on those hot nights when you sat under an awning on your yacht-deck and breathed cool sea air, I was working in a cellar as hot as hell and as black as the pit. I was sweating to the clinkety-clank of an old tread-press, ink up to my eyes, while you sat in a silk-lined Bar Harbour chair sipping iced drinks and reading French novels.

LOUISE: Yes, I know; and I say it doesn't seem fair. Life owes you so much.

OTTO: Oh, don't imagine I got nothing out of it. Do you suppose I could have gone hungry, without an overcoat in winter, if I didn't have something here (*He puts his hand on his heart*) to keep me warm, to pay me back? Something that you and your people know nothing about!

LOUISE: It's beautiful to think of you fighting against such odds. All women love fighters. Our hearts go out to them, just as mine does to Philip, when I see him come home looking so old and tired about the eyes. I know he's been fighting for what he has.

OTTO: Fighting over a good cigar and a stock-ticker!

LOUISE: Isn't that as unjust as saying *you* fight with hate and infernal-machines? There's the old class-hate again, Otto. (*Almost maternally she places a hand on his head*) You know I don't believe you've had much love in your life. (*Olga, in the background, moves uneasily.*)

OTTO: Love? (*He shakes off the hand*) How'd I have love? (*He laughs*) Why, I've been kicked and cuffed across two continents all my life. It was hate that I grew up on, always hate and death and war. I crept through the Moslem lines at Deurtyul at the time of the Armenian massacre. I escaped from Kirikan to Alexandretta when Kirikan was put to the knife. I even saw babies clubbed and bayonetted in the open street. I saw Kurds and Circassians butcher two Christian villages in the *vilayet* of Sivas, and four hundred roofs burned over women's heads at Tarsus. I saw five Poles hanged because they fought for liberty, taken out and hanged in the snow like a row of dogs. I saw a woman shot by Cossacks because she dared to think for herself. I saw the Adana bombs do their work, kill and mangle thirty human beings. I have seen an old man clubbed, clubbed so that he died, because he carried a copy of Karl Marx. Love! Ha; no; there's not been much love in my life.

LOUISE (*Controlling herself with an effort*): And you need love, so much. Every man needs it. Otto, you must have needed a mother's love.

OTTO: She died the winter I was born.

LOUISE: Poor boy! You poor boy!

OTTO: There wasn't much room for love, was there? (*Again she places a hand on his head and gazes long and intently into his face.*)

LOUISE: Oh, Otto, we must all be good to you. (*With a gesture that is both maternal and passionate, she clasps his bowed head between her two shielding hands, staring before her with intent and tear-stained face. As she does so, Philip abruptly enters through the open door. He stops short, with the amazement of a man confronted by the final blow of a*

Fate that has been too much for his shattered nerves. He does not move.)

PHILIP (*Slowly*): So it's come to *this!* (*He stares at them*) And my wife!

LOUISE (*As she sees his face*): Philip!

PHILIP (*His quietness ominous*): With my wife!

OTTO (*Wheeling on him*): *Your* wife! What makes her your wife? Did you get her the way you get your English hunters? Did you buy her with so many bear-skins? Or stun her with a club and carry her back to your cave? No; she's a human being. She's a free agent. She's yours only as long as her own will says she's yours. When that will goes out to another, she belongs to that other. You can't shut up her immortal soul any more than you can shut a wild bird between your four garden walls.

PHILIP (*Goaded into irresponsibility*): And now it's your turn! Your—

LOUISE: Philip!

OTTO: You poor blind fool!

PHILIP: You rat! (*He sweeps past Louise; Otto does not fall back. But as the two men explode into a sudden fury of movement, struggling and writhing and fighting like two cave-men, Olga comes from her corner with a cry of "Otto". The latter, though much the smaller, is able to tear himself free from Philip's throttling clutch. As he turns back to Philip, Louise catches and clings to her husband's arm.*)

OTTO (*Panting*): You fool! (*To Louise*) Get away! Stand back! I'm used to this. I can take all of it that comes!

OLGA (*Clinging to him*): Otto!

OTTO (*Shaking her off*): Get away! You can't help me in this. (*Turns on Philip*) Now, what are you going to do, you fool?

PHILIP (*Shaking as Louise clings to him*): Fool! I've *been* a fool. But that's over. I took you into my home. I fed you. I might as well have fed a mad dog. I might as well have taken a rattler under my roof. You've slathered and slandered everything you've touched. You've poisoned and corrupted everything inside these walls. You've ruined my home. And now, by God, I'm going to kill you.

OLGA (*As she stands between them*): You can not kill him! You dare not.

OTTO (*As Philip flings his wife away from him*): What good will that do you or your home?

PHILIP: It's got to come. It's the only way out. I'm going to make my own law now.

OTTO (*Aghast*): Why, *that's Anarchy!*

PHILIP (*Exultantly*): I don't care what it is. I'm going to fight for my own.

OTTO (*Shrilly*): You're talking Anarchy. You've turned Anarchist.

PHILIP: To hell with the whole thing. This is going to end, right here, now!

OTTO (*Exultantly*): Anarchy! Nothing but Anarchy! Don't hold him. Don't imagine I can't take care of myself!

LOUISE: Otto, tell him on your word of honor——

PHILIP (*With much the same ecstasy of rage which has allowed his bulk to sweep down earlier enemies on the Stock Exchange floor*): Honor! We can't use that word in this house! What does *he* know about honor? What do *you* know about honor—when you'll paw about a cur like that, a slum cur with his own mistress right here under this roof?

OTTO (*Shrill and tense*): That's a lie.

LOUISE (*Recoiling*): This is worse than madness, Philip.

PHILIP (*Still shaking with rage, as he brusquely swings Olga about to face them*): A lie, is it? Madness, is it? Here you—can you say you haven't lived and worked with this man? That you're not his lover?

OLGA (*Rigid and staring at Otto*): I am not his lover.

PHILIP: You don't both come from the same Forsyth Street cellar?

OLGA: I do not come from a Forsyth Street cellar.

PHILIP: And you've never been in one?

OTTO (*In shrill defiance*): Yes, she's been in one; she's worked in one; she's gone hungry in one, side by side with me!

PHILIP (*Sweeping savagely on*): Ha, so you've tricked her, too? You've tricked me; and tricked your own

tribe. Why, you're against your own people, at this very moment.

OTTO: Yes, I'm against you, and I'm against the world, and I'm against myself, even. I'm against everything. Good God, man, don't you know what Anarchy means? I'm an Anarchist, a Nihilist, anything you like to call it. I'm Disorder, Ruin, Chaos. I'm what you've all got to face, what everything comes to. I'm the only thing that endures. I'm the only thing that lasts beyond the end of everything. And I want to know how you're going to kill me, or kill what I stand for?

OLGA (*Despairingly*): It's not *him*, Otto—it's the other who's going to kill you.

PHILIP (*His sanity returning*): It's the law of this country that's going to kill you.

OTTO: Then you'll find I die hard.

PHILIP: To America you're a dead man now.

OTTO: Then I'll show you a corpse with plenty of fight in it.

OLGA: No, no, Otto—you do not understand.

PHILIP: It's not in his hands or mine. It's something beyond us. It's the Law you sneer at.

OTTO: Ha, you called me a cry-baby, but who's the cry-baby now? What about those laws of God *you* sneered at.

PHILIP: These are the laws of men, and they'll do with you what they do with the rest of your breed—they'll *deport you*.

OTTO: Deport me? (*He turns fiercely on Philip*) And you think because you ship my body across the Atlantic you're getting rid of what I stand for? You imagine, if I'm brushed aside, there'll be no one to take my place? No one left to carry on the Cause?

PHILIP (*As he strides over and savagely rings the bell*): Your whole cursed band is gathered up. And every man-jack of them goes back to Europe, and you go with them.

OTTO: That's another lie.

LOUISE (*Sobbingly*): Oh, Philip, what have you done?

PHILIP (*Ignoring her*): Go and ask your Inner Circle if it's a lie. You're alone now; you stand alone the same as other men have to.

OTTO: Alone? (*He stares about the room, dazed. No one moves. Then out of the utter silence sounds a concertina playing the Marseillaise. Otto's face, as the chords of this hymn of his own people come to him, slowly lights up*) Nikoff!

OLGA (*Fearfully*): Otto, before it's too late! Go! Go! Go!

LOUISE (*As the music draws nearer, growing louder and louder*): What is it?

OTTO (*Triumphantly to Philip*): Alone! Ha, you're not the first to try to kill this Cause. Others have tried to crush it. But it has lived—it has been re-born out of rivers of blood. You can't stop it any more than you can stop rain from falling or grass from growing, any more than you can stop that song—that song that has thrilled more hearts than any music ever made by man. I am not alone. I am one of the Brotherhood—one of many! (*Nikoff's uncouthly malignant figure appears in the garden outside, approaching the windows.*)

OLGA (*In a scream*): Keep him out! Otto, keep him out!

OTTO: He is one of the Brotherhood.

PHILIP: That man is here to kill. I warn you to keep him out.

OTTO (*Derisively, stopping him as he goes to cross the room*): Why keep out the dead? His cause is dead!

OLGA (*Frenziedly*): Otto!

LOUISE: Your promise, remember your promise, Otto! (*She shrinks back, as though in fear of mysteries she cannot comprehend.*)

OTTO: That's what I have just remembered.

(*Nikoff, now at the window, attempts to enter. Olga rushes to its double-panel, as though to hold it shut.*)

PHILIP: Keep back!

(*As he speaks, Nikoff forces the window and stumbles through. Otto cries out one sharp sentence, in a foreign tongue. Nikoff, white and defiant, answers in the same tongue. Otto steps back as though he had been struck. Nikoff's hand swings up, holding a revolver. He deliberately trains it on the motionless and amazed Otto, and fires. The first shot, appar-*

ently, goes wild. He steps closer; and as he fires the second shot, Olga flings her body in front of Otto, clinging to him.)

OLGA: Otto! Otto! *(The shot follows. Her arms relax and she falls to the floor. As she does so, she calls out the one word: "Fraternitas!" Philip and Doyle, who has entered, seize Nikoff before he can move again.)*

CURTAIN.

Act IV. of "The Firebrand" will appear in Canada Monthly for March.

Shantying on Cascapedia

By M. G. McWhirter

"ROLL OUT! Roll out! Ro-o-o-oll out!"

The stars were still brilliantly clear above the firs on the Little Cascapedia, when the cook's melodious bellow brought the men of Camp IV. out of their bunks in all of a masculine before-breakfast ill-humor.

"Sacré!" sputtered little Loubert, "'oo is le cochon 'oo have lose me my socks? Fritz, I tole you dat when you wear my socks, not to t'row dem under de bunk. Now I've got to get down on my knees an' wipe up all dis dust. I tell you," here his voice rose to a shriek, muffled by the bunk, "Fritz, you brute, I'm goin' to get a dog—I am—a leetle dog what I can say to, 'Dog'—like dat—'Dog: find dem socks!' An' den I won't have to dislocate all dese bones or disturb dis dust wit' my nose—an', Fritzie, he's goin' to sleep wit' you, too!"

But Loubert's good-nature was not shared by the less mercurial men. Dave Wilson looked sullenly at his watch and grumbled.

"Blank this blankety-blank country anyhow—they wake you up in the middle of the night to eat. I ain't got that last load of logs off my back yet, an' here it's to-morrow. Once I get back to God's country——"

The life of the men who cut fir and spruce and pine in the stately woods of the North, who fill the quick black rivers with the eddying rush of "the drive," who start the first of the long series of processes which end in your polished ball-room floor, your Heppelwhite chair, or your morning newspaper, is a hard and muscle-making life, monotonous, uneventful, but yet with a certain rough and epic splendor of its own. Hard and dour men it breeds, men who, spite of asseverated returns to "God's country," come back always to the rhythmical swing of the axe-handle and the keen bite of the blade; men who are terrors to work and terrors to fight, and terrors to play, for the last two are more than often synonymous.

By half-past six the gang was out of the shanty where breakfast was served, and headed for their several places and jobs. The new hands went with the head-swamper to cut out the Main Road. Soon the woods resounded with the sound of the lumbermen's axes and saws, the voices of the teamsters, the laughter and oaths of the workers. Each gang was made up of several men. First, the chopper or undercutter notched the tree and guided its fall, while the saw went merrily through the trunk. When it was down, the chopper measured the lengths; the knotter or "sengler" trimmed off the branches. Next the teamsters and horses came up; the chain was fastened around the log; the driver spoke to his horses, and off went the logs to the "skidway."

Meantime the choppers and sawyers were busily engaged upon another tree. All through the forest busy gangs of men worked all day; steadily the number of logs increased. At noon hour, if the men are far from the camp, they "boil the kettle" out of doors. With laughter and joke they eat their fat pork, sweet-bread, cake and molasses, washing all down with a dipper of black tea.

As soon as there is enough snow the teams begin to haul the logs from the skidways or yards to the landing at the river. Two men with cant-hooks or "gee-throws" load the sleighs by means of a horse, a block and line. Each team will haul fifty or sixty logs at a load. And when the darkness

shadows down on the little Cascapedia, it is a weary gang who head back to the bunk-house with jingle of chains and rough words quick-flung across the dusky spaces of the logging-roads.

In Camp IV. supper was served on the long table covered with oilcloth. There was an abundance of good food —meat, potatoes, bread, molasses, sugar, tea, several kinds of cake and pies. These speedily disappeared before the ravenous appetites of the men who were waited on by the cookee. Every man helped himself to the food placed upon the table. Excepting for an occasional request, the men ate in silence, there being an unwritten law forbidding conversation at meals.

Supper having been dispatched, the men separated. Tongues were loosed, and conversation, well interspersed with profanity, chaffing, and arguing, took the place of the recent silence.

A number repaired to the bunk house, where some lay down in their berths, while others seated themselves upon the long bench placed in front of the beds—called the "deacon's seat." The teamsters went to the "hovel" or stable to water their horses, give them their oats, rub them down, and make them generally comfortable, after which they reported themselves to the boss or foreman in his office to give an account of the number of logs hauled during the day. This was marked down, and the teamsters were at liberty to join the others in the bunk house or sleeping shanty. This building was fully forty feet long, by twenty-four wide, and perhaps ten feet high in the centre.

There were two windows and a skylight. It was made of logs; the spaces between the logs being stuffed with moss—"stogged," the boys called it. The outside was plastered with ground. The bark was peeled off the logs on the outside. The roof was made of split fir covered with ground. About a foot above this roof there was a second one covered with split shingles. Two rows of bunks were placed on each side, one above another, sufficient to hold forty-eight or fifty men.

A large "single-stove" stood in the centre of the room. Wires and poles were strung close to the stove-pipe. These were plentifully ornamented with socks, mitts, wet clothing and moccasins. A lamp was suspended from the ceiling. In this room the men spend their evenings; smoke, make axe-handles, play mouth-organs or the violin, dance, wrestle, pull the lazy-stick, chaff each other and sometimes settle disputes with a liberal use of fists.

In the short days the men come in about six o'clock; by nine the lights are out and the men enjoy their well-earned rest. On Saturday night, however, an exception is made, and they are allowed to stay up much later.

The "hovel" or stable is a building similar to the camp in appearance, excepting that there are no windows. There is also the office, fitted with a stove, lamps and a table. Here sleep the boss, sealer, blacksmith and carpenter or "handy-man." The various articles required by the men are kept here.

In Camp IV., as always, there was a bully, by name Tom Burton, who "tended team" for Dick Smith. Dick was a young, slight fellow, who had his own horses, while Tom was a great, burly, red-faced brute weighing two hundred and ten pounds, who shirked his share of work when possible. The two were working apart from the others. Seating himself deliberately upon a log, Tom lit his pipe and drawled : "Say, Smith, I guess you're young enough to roll out those logs. I'm getting old."

The lad struggled with the logs; he was new to the work, and although he felt the injustice of Burton's action, he could see no way of redress. However, keeping down his wrath, he did his best, while the bully watched him, laughing derisively when his efforts were ineffectual. "Guess you're not much good, Smith; what do they hire school children for ? "

"I came to drive, not to load," Dick retorted.

"Shut up your head, or I'll make you," thundered Tom with an oath. "You're here to do what I tell you; mind that, will you ? "

Dick kept silent. Even when the big man took his sheep-skin upon which he sat, appropriating it to his own use, he said nothing.

"Hand over some tobacco," commanded Burton. "You know the teamsters have to keep the teamtender in tobacco. Hurry up!"

Dick hesitated, then reluctantly handed over a part of a plug of his hoarded tobacco. Nevertheless, he was learning lessons; after a month of such treatment, he plucked up courage and went to the boss.

"Well, Chummie, what is it?" inquired the kindly foreman, for he liked Dick, who was the youngest of the teamsters.

"I am taking my team, and going down river in the morning."

"Why!" exclaimed the boss in surprise, "what's up now?"

"Tom Burton has run on me ever since I came here, and I don't have to stay."

"Oh!" A light broke upon the foreman's mind. But he spoke quietly.

"You needn't leave for that, Smith; I'll give you a new man in the morning, and put him at something else."

"I'll settle Burton to-night," cried George Brown, who had been a silent listener to the short dialogue.

Suiting the action to the word, he marched straight to the bunk house. Crossing the room, he said:

"Turn out, Burton; I've something to say to you."

Slowly Tom raised his big body, and asked in a surly tone:

"What do you want of me?"

"I'll soon let you know. What are you running on kids for?"

"Who's running on kids? I'll run on you, too. I'll teach you to meddle with what's none of your business," cried Burton angrily.

"Come on. Never mind chewing the rag. I don't know you, and you don't know me. Maybe it's just as well you don't. Now pack your duds."

"I don't have to pack my duds, I can do it with them on," with an ugly sneer.

The men were crowding around. George was slight and light, and formed a striking contrast to Burton.

One of the Johnson boys spoke.

"Brown's good for him."

"He's only one hundred and fifty, if he's that, and Burton is over two hundred," said another.

"He'd beat if he was only ninety pounds," declared Johnson.

Tom spoke threateningly. "If I can't do it now, I'll catch the youngster below."

George spoke steadily:

"Don't worry; I'll give you enough; you'll be glad to promise to touch nobody when you go down."

With the last word George hit him. Taken unexpectedly, Burton staggered back; then, swearing a great oath, the bully sprang forward and struck George in the breast.

Under the force of the blow Brown fell backward a step or two, then, agile as a cat, he hit Tom in the eye. Steadily, however, Tom advanced, his intention being to catch George and crush him with his great strength, thus making up for what he lacked in agility. Divining his plan, Brown avoided him. Try as he would, he could not catch the lithe, active figure, which seemed to be in every place at once. The blood was streaming from an ugly cut above his eye, while one of Tom's was fast closing and his nose bleeding. Watching his chance, George gave him a "left-hander" on the side of the head. There was a nasty glitter in Tom's remaining eye. Stealthily he made a vicious kick at his enemy. Jumping to one side, George struck Burton a heavy blow under the left jaw. Over the "deacon's seat" tumbled the bully with Brown following up, pommelling him severely.

"Give it to him, Brown!"

"Good for you, George!"

"That'll learn you to leave kids alone!"

"Hurrah for Brown!"

At length, satisfied with his work, George let him go.

Slowly the crestfallen Burton slunk off to his bunk, while the camp rung with the shouts of the men.

"Hurrah for Brown! He's beat the bully."

For two days Burton kept his bunk; then he got his time and went down river.

One day was much like another. Saturday night, however, brought relaxation.

A number of the men were in the bunk house. Already the air was thick with tobacco smoke.

Jack Mortimer played a lively tune on his violin, while Gilbert Pete danced an accompaniment. Both were good performers. Faster and faster went the bow, and like lightning flew the nimble feet, for Gilbert delighted to exhibit his ability in tripping the "light fantastic."

Cries of "Hurrah for Pete ! Hurrah for Pete ! " rewarded his achievement.

Jack came in too for his share of approval. "Well done, Mortimer ! Give us another." Jack drew his bow lovingly across the strings, tested her critically, and off again the bow raced while Jack's audience applauded or criticized. Others were making a visit to the cook in his own domain.

As often occurs, the conversation turned upon feats of strength.

Jack Thomas told how he had held a large silver watch at arms' length for thirteen seconds.

"That's nothing ! " complimentarily observed Theo Turlong. "I've lifted a barrel of pork with my three fingers three times from the floor."

Here Jim Loubert spoke up. In his broken English, he declared he could shoulder a barrel of flour.

"I'll bet a pound of tobacco you can't," cried Bill Flowers.

"I can jus' as easy," reiterated Loubert, and immediately prepared to make good his boast.

"Loubert 'll not be much good tomorrow," encouragingly remarked Joe Downs.

"Don't worry, he'll soon quit," prophesied Frank Mooney.

Higher and higher rose the barrel.

"Good for you, Loubert."

"You're all right, Jim."

"Steady, boy, steady ! There she goes."

Up still higher, and a final lurch sent the barrel to the coveted place. But, alas ! The last jerk had been too strong. Over to the floor behind crashed the barrel, breaking in the head, smashing the barrel to pieces, scattering the flour in every direction, and covering as in a shroud five or six men standing near. Amid the jeers and laughter of the men, Loubert retired to a seat, saying bravely :

"If the boss, she charge me, I'll pay."

The men scattered on the entrance of the boss. Some sought their bunks, others went to the hovel to see to their horses. Three times the boss asked who had spilled the flour. At last, young Le Blanc, the cookee, answered :

"Loubert, she broke it."

Loubert paid for the flour. He figured no more as an athlete for a long while.

That autumn the men had an unusual experience. A fall of snow had been succeeded by rain. Between the hours of nine p. m. and two the following morning, the river rose nine feet. Dick Smith and George Brown had vacated their berth on account of a leakage above them and lain down upon a few boards on the floor. They were awakened by the boss, calling them to get up.

George shook his companion into consciousness, and sprang up; retreating when he found himself in water. He made a second attempt in the dark, jumping further. The water was to his knees. Crawling upon the "deacon's seat," he pushed his way to his bunk, secured Dick's lantern and followed the foreman, who had succeeded in finding his way over brush, fallen trees and logs, to the river side, where he obtained the boat. Poling around the camp, they found the horses were all right, as the hovel was built upon higher ground than the other buildings.

Next they cruised to the cook-shanty, where they found Tony the cook and his helper afraid to get up, as most of the contents of the shanty were floating around. They put in the rest of the night as best they could. Somehow Tony managed to get breakfast, grumbling loudly as he did so. Still the river rose, and continued to

do so till well on in the afternoon. Long before that the whole camp's crew were compelled to take to the mountain. There they set up a tent and built a fire. With a few exceptions the men bore the discomforts of their positions with much good humor.

Dick Smith and the other teamsters led their horses into the thickest woods, made a rude shelter with poles and branches, blanketed them well, and joined their companions. There they remained till the river fell, when they returned to camp and work was resumed. The Company's loss was considerable—hay, molasses, flour and other supplies having floated down river.

On Sunday the men survey their wardrobe: patching and darning when compelled by necessity. Sometimes they light a fire outside, fill the great pot with water, and celebrate wash-day, attacking the wash-tub with an energy which would make an ordinary woman stare, as well as fear for the safety of the garments. What matter if the dark colors do run into the lighter ones? Your woodsman is not hard to satisfy with his laundry. With every mark of satisfaction over a well-finished task, the men survey the motley array of garments suspended in every conceivable manner. "Mine's the cleanest!" is the universal verdict of each performer. Sunday is also chosen for hunting expeditions. There were several such in Camp No. IV., but one account will suffice.

Early one Sunday, Bob Howard and George Brown set off with their Winchesters, intent upon a moose-hunt. For a considerable distance their way led up a rising ground. Gradually they reached the height of land and began to descend. They walked briskly in the cool September air; there was crispness enough to stimulate their blood. Except for an occasional remark at long intervals, the two men maintained silence. Bob led the way. The day advanced, and by and by they came upon a little lake in the heart of the forest. Everything was at peace that Sabbath morning. But there was little thought of the day in the hunters' minds. The sight which met their gaze occupied their attention. Out in the lake stood a good-sized bull-moose eating pond-lilies. Into the water he plunged the whole fore part of his body. Raising himself, he shook the water from his head and proceeded to enjoy the tender plants, presenting a picture of great contentment, as he munched the long, thick stems, all unconscious of his enemies. Ten times at least he dived his great head into the water. Then he saw them and turned towards the shore.

The men fired. He was wounded, but continued his flight, the two hunters in hot pursuit. He reached the shore, and was hidden among the trees. The men hurried on into the forest. Ere long they came upon their prey. Brought to bay, the moose prepared to charge his enemies. Again the rifle-shots rang out. The huge animal threw himself into the air, then fell a short distance from the hunters' feet—dead. They had no little trouble to secure their prize, but finally succeeded. The head was a fine one of uniform size, with good antlers having a spread of at least forty-eight inches.

Well pleased with the result of their day's hunt, Bob and George set out to return to the camp. Heavily laden as they were, their progress was necessarily slow. Fatigued but triumphant, at a late hour they reached their destination. After recounting their adventures, they sought their bunks to snatch a few hours' sleep ere the work of a new day began.

One evening when the season was well advanced, the men were gathered as usual in their quarters. The conversation drifted from one subject to another, till the amount of lumber hauled that day became the topic. Presently one cried with more partisanship than wisdom:

"Hurrah for Malcolm! He's got the biggest tally."

Cameron spoke testily. "He may have the biggest load, but it's lately come to him."

Readily Malcolm responded: "I can haul as many logs as any team on the road."

"Well done, Malcolm!" from one or two voices.

Cameron's Irish blood was up. Jumping quickly into the centre of the room, and pulling off his sweater, he exclaimed with an oath, "I care for nothing in this camp."

"I'm not the whole of this camp," replied Malcolm, rising, "but I'll try you."

He glanced around the circle of faces and added, "I care for nothing, either, if I get my blood up."

The opponents faced each other, calculating strong and weak points. Then, quick as a flash, out flew Malcolm's arm. Down fell Cameron with the blood streaming from his nose. Mad with rage, he scrambled to his feet, crying, "Give me an axe!"

The voice of the foreman interposed. "If you're going to fight, let's have fair play."

Treacherously reaching backward, Cameron secured a long-legged boot from a bunk, and threw it straight at Malcolm's head. The aim was too low. It struck him in the breast. With one spring Malcolm caught his opponent by the throat. Giving a dexterous twist he dragged him upon his back out of doors, followed by the whole camp's crew. Even the cook and cookee had been attracted by the uproar and hurried to the scene.

Seeing indications of interference, the boss stepped to the front and cried, "The man who interferes hits me."

In spite of this, however, the fight became general. Nelson hit Gilbert Pete, and his cousin taking it up, Mortimer hit him. A regular melée ensued. Everyone was pulling and dragging. Blows were struck right and left. Exclamations and oaths filled the air, while blood flowed freely.

Again out rang the voice of the boss. "I own this shack, and I'll run it or die."

Suddenly there came an interruption. Clearly upon the air was borne the jingling of sleigh-bells. A few minutes later into the open before the camp dashed a horse and sleigh. Beside the driver sat one whom they all recognized in the bright moonlight, for he had visited their camp earlier in the season.

"What's the matter, boys?" asked the minister, for he it was.

Shamefacedly they scattered, for he was respected by them all.

Later, all traces of their recent uproar, removed, irrespective of creed, they repaired to the cook-room, where the minister held a short service. He was more than a clergyman; he talked to them simply as man to men. Even the most ignorant realized that somehow the preacher understood much about their trials and temptations. He had given them a glimpse of a nobler life than that lived by them.

Before and after service, Cameron held his head down in sullen silence. Otherwise there was no sign.

More quietly than usual the men sought their bunks. Ere long silence reigned supreme. The toils, animosities and resolutions of the day were alike forgotten. Deep sleep had fallen upon Camp No. IV.

THE MOVING SPIRIT

BY FITZHUGH COYLE GOLDSBOROUGH

DEEP in the heart of every wave,
There dwells the urge of boundless tides—
So in the breast of King and Slave,
The deathless gleam of God abides!

Out of Egypt

By J. DeQ. Donehoo

Illustrated by John Drew

WHY did I love her? I do not not know. From the first moment I saw her—but this is no way to begin a story.

It was at one of those wonderful new universities of the Prairie West, one of those schools of learning dedicated to high thinking and plain living, whither I had gone on account of the comparative cheapness with which an education could be secured that, in the last year of my law course, and very greatly to the disadvantages of my studies, I met the dark-haired, smiling, intensely mystical Athanasia.

Her very name, an unusual one, charmed me from the first; but its owner did vastly more than that; she took complete possession of my heart and, for a time at least, there was no room left in it for anything else whatsoever, and least of all for Blackstone and the dry technicalities of the law. Thus, pleasant as it was to find myself engaged to the adorable Athanasia, and to know that my affection for her was returned with an ardor which even I could scarcely ask to have enhanced, the future then did not appear to me altogether roseate. Head over heels in love as I was, I still had sufficient good judgment left to realize that the law is a jealous mistress and one that must often-times be wooed for years before she deigns to grant her favors. Having no private means at my command, I bitterly faced the fact that a long period of time would doubtless have to elapse before our happiness could be crowned by our union.

In such a state of comparative depression was I, even amidst the greatest joy of my life, when I was summoned home by the unexpected death of my father. I returned to college a few weeks later, saddened, and further depressed in a manner that one who has not experienced a similar bereavement can scarcely understand. Not only had I lost my dearest living relative, not only was the old home life now forever broken up, but the very home itself passed irrevocably into the hands of strangers. My father had been heavily involved and the farm mortgaged. The mortgages were foreclosed, and soon, with the exception of a few heirlooms and trifling articles of personal property, not a tangible souvenir of what had once been home remained to any of us widely scattered brothers and sisters.

To me, however, the youngest, was given by unanimous consent and for the reason that will soon appear, the most remarkable heirloom that belonged to the family, a strange object, indeed, to be found in a Pennsylvania farmhouse. It was a mummy enclosed in a magnificent mummy-case, a souvenir of my great-uncle Peleg, who followed the sea during the earlier years of the last century, and brought home many rare and curious objects from the lands of the East.

One of my earliest recollections was that my mother, and indeed, all the other members of the family, did not feel thoroughly comfortable regarding the presence in our home of the mortal remains of one whom they knew to to have been a woman who lived, and doubtless loved, in the mystic land of Khem three thousand years and more ago. None of them would have consented to part with the mummy at any price, yet none the less, for all

save myself, its associations ever remained somewhat intermingled with the uncanny and terrifying. With me, however, it was always, for some reason, very different.

From my earliest childhood I never remember having any other feeling but that of the most sincere affection for the Princess Asenath, as we called her. And ever, in my childish imagination, did I picture her as lying there, forever young and beautiful in her gorgeously gilded and painted coffin, placidly sleeping her age-long sleep, until, some day, she should awaken. And then, perhaps, I fancied, as in the fairy tales, she should be my bride; and together we two should fly far across the sea to the wonderful land of the Pyramids, about which old Uncle Peleg told such marvelous tales, and be king and queen of Egypt in place of old Pharaoh, her father.

My charming Athanasia, in the first bloom of our love romance, and after her cunning extraction of full confession of all my previous experiences with Master Cupid, had for a time pouted somewhat at my account of this childish fancy for the Princess Asenath, professing herself to be justly jealous. But to this attitude soon succeeded her enthusiastic acceptance of my Egyptian legend, and the identification of the Princess with herself in some previous state of existence. Obsession by this idea gave, in fact, a great impulse to those theosophical and occult studies to which the dear girl had already been greatly addicted. Although Athanasia did not, so far, claim that she had literal remembrance of having been Asenath, Princess of Egypt, and my betrothed in the dim and mystic past, not yet having trodden the Noble Eight-fold Path far enough to arrive at perfect recollection, none the less did she express absolute conviction that this had been the case.

Confirmations of her theory rapidly became unanswerable in the mind of my dearest Athanasia. She even began to venture, with how much of seriousness I know not, although at the time I never gave them any other value than that of playful imaginings, upon bits of recollection relating to our history in the past.

"Did you not tell, me sweetheart, that you fell in love with me the very first moment you saw me in the chapel that morning?" she asked. "But why should you do that, dearest, without knowing anything about me? Is that not a proof that you did know and love me in some previous state of existence?"

I thought I answered that question pretty satisfactorily, although with some mussing of hair and other necessary accompaniments, by enumerating a few of the thousand perfections that I averred no man, unless he were hopelessly blind, could fail to see at a glance in my charming fiancée. I assured her that it required no theory of a past existence to account for any man falling in love with her instantly.

"But other men did not do that, and you did," she retorted.

My flounderings in presence of this admirable bit of reasoning deprived me of any chance of victory in the discussion that ensued. And my rejoinder that if all men did not fall in love with my betrothed the moment they met her, it simply proved them to be a pack of fools, was cut short by other profound arguments, in presence of which I was powerless.

"And why, dearest, should your Uncle Peleg happen to get just that particular mummy in Egypt, and bring it to your home? Why should you, and nobody else, even as a little child, fall in love with the very memory of the Princess Asenath? And why should you fall in love with me, the only living woman you ever did love, the moment you first saw me, unless I was she? Why, it's unanswerably proved."

It was; I had no arguments wherewith to meet logic like that. Besides, it was so delightful to hear my dearest Athanasia go on in this manner that I could have listened to her by the hour and never tired.

"Ah, yes; now I remember it all," she continued. "The daughter of the mighty Potipherah, priest of On, was I, and brought up amidst all the lux-

ury that boundless wealth could give; very pretty was I, too, in those days when I was so much younger than I am now," she added, laughingly. "And you—you were a poor young man studying for the priesthood, and, oh, ever and ever so handsome and noble looking. But you differed from me as to the effect which the lapse of time had upon you, for you possess those gifts yet in precisely the same measure in which you had them then."

I hastened to protest that this was a most unreasonable distinction to make, and therefore cast discredit upon all my dear girl's recollections of the past, but without replying, save with a smile, she continued with a rapt look upon her face :

"We fell in love the very moment we saw each other; I think, indeed, that we must have loved in some existence older even than that in Egypt. But now I see how it all was then—I see it plainly. I was with my father in his great galley on the Nile; you also accompanied him as one of his pupils. How beautiful the moonlight was that night. You looked at me many times, and often we smiled; but only once we spoke together, and that was but for a moment; it was beneath the deep shadows cast by the great temple of Ra, in Heliopolis. Hastily we plighted our troth, and once you kissed me there; but I told you our love was hopeless: for my father had promised to me a rich noble of Pharaoh's court, and vain was the dream that he would relent for any wish of mine. Yet I told you there that of none but you would I be the bride, though we had to wait until we had passed justified through the courts of the house of Osiris, and the time of the restitution of all things had come. And aloft I held a token by which I swore to keep our troth, that I remember. But, oh, how I wish I could recollect what that token was. And then, sweetheart, I never saw you more in that life in Egypt; and when the time had come I stabbed myself rather than have the noble bear me off to be his bride. And it seems to me, dearest, that since that time, again and again have I seen you, in Tyre and Athens and Rome,

"BUT OTHER MEN DID NOT FALL 'N LOVE WITH ME, AND YOU DID!" SHE RETORTED

in places without number, but always was it dimly and but for a moment. And, even if we met, I could not remember the token—oh, I wish I could recall what it was—and something intervened, and we were torn apart.

Oh, pray God, that nothing come between us now!"

"No danger that aught shall come between us now, my sweet Princess Athanasia, the Deathless One," I replied fondly. "We have a sure grip on everything this time, at least, on everything except the finances. This condition seems, however, to be chronic with me, and I am not surprised to learn from your interesting vision that I was in the same fix in Egypt three thousand years ago.

"Laugh at me as you may, sweetheart," replied Athanasia, smiling, "I do believe that this vision of mine is something more substantial than a dream. Most of the wisest races, and many of the wisest men of every age, have believed in re-incarnation. I have lived and loved you in Egypt of old; I feel sure that if I could by some means gain a little deeper introspection, I could quickly solve this, our financial problem of the present, by bringing into the world of consciousness the memories of the past."

Six months rolled on after this, however, and that important problem remained as hopelessly unsolved as ever. I was a law graduate now, with my shingle hung out at Springfield, the little county seat at which Athanasia's family resided. Clients were few, nor was there any sign of their rapid increase. Matrimony was not to be thought of for the present, for it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept my modest board bill from falling into arrears.

It was at this time that Athanasia asked me, one evening, if I would not show her the mummy of which we had spoken so often. Although I had had it in my possession ever since I came to Springfield, she had never yet seen it.

Gladly I consented, of course, and the next afternoon my dear girl, accompanied by her mother, came around to my humble little room. Now, my prospective mother-in-law, Mrs. Lawson, had not the slightest sympathy with Athanasia's mystical and theosophical tenets. Although she was as much interested as that young lady in examining the exquisitely decorated outer case, and the two inner ones, in inspecting the papyrus rolls with the hieroglyphic rituals from the Book of the Dead, and the mummy itself, swathed in numberless wrappings of linen, yet when Athanasia made her first reference to her own identification with the Princess Asenath, Mrs. Lawson appealed to me in utter disgust.

This was as nothing, however, to what the good lady said when my sweet betrothed, after carefully examining every detail about the mummy and its case, suddenly ejaculated, "Mamma, I am going to ask your permission and Jack's, to do something that I suppose you will both think very odd! I want to have the mummy taken out of the case, and then lie down in it a moment myself, just as if I were a mummy."

Mrs. Lawson protested with a degree of energy that I shall not attempt to describe, and I did so feebly. But the end of it, was of course, that Athanasia, who had a way of making others see things as she did, finally worked her own sweet will.

Never shall I forget how beautiful she looked lying there, the radiantly living in the place of the dead, the color of her delicately tinted flesh, instinct with throbbing life, contrasting weirdly with the shrivelled corpse of ages past, which lay beside her on the floor! She closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them with a dreamy smile, and signalling me to raise her up, said, laughingly: "The Princess Asenath has awakened at last from her age-long sleep. Deep in her sub-conscious mind she now knows all that happened to her in the land of Khem and in the other lives of the milleniums that since have passed. It only needs another mind, in close enough relation with her own, to draw that knowledge from her by telepathy, and so bring it into the world of consciousness. Kiss me, dearest one."

I did. And Mrs. Lawson, as she had the most perfect right to do, cried out upon us, and said we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. She roundly rebuked Athanasia for her levity, as

she called it, and further reproached me as one who had openly gone over to the enemy. But how could I help it ?

It is scarcely strange that I did not feel sleepy that evening, and that reverie, beginning with the thought of my sweetheart's recent visit, ranged far and wide. As I sat, smoking cigar after cigar, I thought of many things; the old home, my childish infatuation for the Princess Asenath, above all, my idolized Athanasia, and the strange prank she had played in my room that very afternoon, the richness of char acter and infinite variety of that most charming girl who, when this merely financial difficulty had been surmounted, was to be mine, yes, mine alone for ever.

Finally, in the midst of this pleasing reverie, I found myself looking fixedly at the mummy-case of the Princess Asenath, which now stood as usual in the corner of the room opposite me. Suddenly, the lid of the case swung outward, as upon a hinge; but there seemed to me then nothing strange or uncanny about that—wide open it swung, and within it I saw, not Athanasia as she had appeared that afternoon, neither the mummy that should have been within, but the Egyptian Princess Asenath, who, as something within my breast told me, *was* Athanasia. Beautiful as a dream she was; not Athanasia, as I have said before, but as really she herself as my dear betrothed in the flesh had been a few hours before; for now I knew, beyond all cavil of doubt, that they two were one.

BARELY TOUCHING THE JEWEL SHE HELD, I TOTTERED BACK, THRILLING IN EVERY NERVE

"*At last have I come, my beloved,*" she said, with a smile that rendered my heart faint within me for joy, "nor have I forgotten the token, the token that I showed unto thee, dearest one, that night of our betrothal, in the

shadows of the temple of Ra, in On the Magnificent. This token it is that begetteth the favor of the gods of Egypt"(here I noticed for the first time, so dazzled had I been by the maiden's beauty, that she held in her right hand a gem that glittered like the sun); "for truly have they revealed unto me, that in fulness of time, it shall bring unto me and my love fortune and happiness among the children of men. And so, ere I plunged the sharp steel into my bosom that night, unto Amesses my faithful slave did I reveal it, and made her swear by Ra and Osiris, by Isis and Hathor, by all the gods of Khem, that after my body was embalmed and ready to lay in the tomb of my ancestors, she would conceal the token in the wound that I purposed to make in my breast above my heart. There hath it lain, waiting for thee; and to none other but thee might I reveal it. And so, dearest one, bringing unto thee fortune and happiness, I come."

Then it seemed to me that the light and the life instantly faded; and in place of the Princess Asenath I saw, in turn, many other fair faces of maidens—Tyrian, Greek, Roman, French, English, and of what other nationalities besides I know not. Yet ever was it the countenance of Athanasia the Deathless that prevailed amidst the individuality of race, and ever was it her wonderful eyes that looked at me beseechingly, expressing inextinguishable love. But none of these maidens held the token, and the faces of many of them were weirdly dim, their voices so faint that I scarcely heard them say, "I come." And some reached out their arms imploringly towards me, but rooted where I sat, I could not come to them; soon, then, were they lost in the succession of shadowy forms that intermittently appeared, like the flashings of an electric light, in the shroud of the Princess Asenath. And last of all came Athanasia, as she had appeared that afternoon, and most beautiful of them all; and her I struggled mightily to reach, as again she held out to me the token, and said, "I come." Forward I pressed, and barely touching the jewel she held, tottered back; for I thrilled through every nerve as though I had received the discharge of an electric battery.

I found myself upon my feet; the cigar in my hand was scorching my finger. My student-lamp burnt low, but the mummy-case, glittering faintly in its green and red and yellow and gold, stood in the corner still Yet never a ray of light came from it, and the lid was tightly closed.

"Alas! A mere dream," I cried aloud, as I paced the floor; "but how wondrously beautiful. Only a dream, but so vivid that I cannot help half believing in its reality; I *do* believe in it. No one need ever know that I yielded to this impulse of superstitious credulity. *I will find out!*"

All in a tremble from excitement, I laid the mummy-case upon the floor. Nervously, hastily, then, I cut away the linen strips that adhered to the shrivelled flesh under which had once throbbed a woman's heart in Egypt—had that heart indeed been that of the Princess Asenath, and my love ? And there, in the ancient gaping wound, I found it—the Token, an emerald, the glorious light of which illumined all the room as I had seen it do a moment before in the hands of Asenath and Athanasia, an emerald of almost priceless worth.

And truly this Token, whatever its history, and whether blessed or not of the gods of Khem, has brought fortune and happiness to me and my love among the children of men, even as the Princess Asenath declared to me it should.

No doubt whatever has my dear wife that this is a token she first showed me in Egypt, that hour of our betrothal beneath the shadows of the temple of Ra. As for me, I do not know.

This department is spebially designed to interest our femine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endered herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute syarkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

A PEDLAR'S Pack contains many "unconsidered trifles". There are pins in it, yes, mesdames, little pins, hat pins, likewise gentle-pointed darners. Needles, too, and soft silks and little broideries. Pictures a-many o' this gallant and that maid. Dreambooks, aye—and maybe love-potions. Not many of psalms to sing which are good and godly for church only. Tapes are here; hooks for the lasses—eyes for the gallants—thread-the-needle for all who love the merry game; scissors to cut Gordian knots, measuring tapes to record the few inches of firm, round waists—and best of all—a hint for lovers here and there—a talk with some great dame in the world of art or music —a word of reminder to the woman who, by reason of her tongue or her ways is in danger of losing the honest man she owns, a fillip on the ear for a mischievous lad, a kiss for the child, and a wise pill—taken in time—for a cross-grained husband. There is something for everybody in the Pedlar's Pack, from a thimble to a quatrain of Omar Khayyam.

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MADAME

SARAH BERNHARDT'S recent visit to this country was of deep significance because undoubtedly it is her farewell. She appeared younger and more vital than when she played here some six years ago, yet looking closely at her in an interivew after the wonderful performance of "L'Aiglon," one saw that time had not spared her. Her long eyes are wrinkled, but their light, their allure is undimmed; the graceful contours of cheek and chin are broken and marred, but the nose of classic proportions is still beautiful, and the smile is as tender and childlike. At sixty-seven, an age at which most women, even our most up-to-date grand dames, are compelled to retire a little into the shadowy places of life—the youthfulness of this superb actress is uncanny. Her agility, her mental alertness are witchlike. Had she lived in the older, cruder ages she would undoubtedly have been burned for a witch—just as

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT

'Shall I place the camera at fifteen feet?" asked the photographer. "No!" she flashed imperiously. "Place it forty feet away. I am sixty-seven.

she goes to the stake and faggots in her marvellous Jeanne d'Arc. Critics have said that her voice—that voice of silver and gold, of love and pity—has failed. Did they not know her age they would never have made such a remark. Her voice thrills with youth to-day, as it did fifteen, twenty years ago. It is the fact of her age being known which makes the "wise" critics belittle the world's greatest living artist. Years ago—when she played "La Tosca"—and who that saw her can ever forget her as she placed the candles round the dead body of Scarpia!—her voice rose in tragic moments in the same hoarse, raucous tones in which only a month ago it rose when the poor ill-fated Eaglet strove with the cruel, crafty Metternich. And, never was that voice more tender, more piteous, more passionately sweet than when the other night, the dying lad turned on the breast of his mother and uttered "Mon pauvre Maman!"

Yes, Time may have wrinkled the long, oriental, tired eyes of Bernhardt, he may have had this joke out with her in marring graceful lines and once exquisite contours, but he has never touched the immortal spirit of youth which lives in that graceful body, nor can he—but Death only—quench the fiery, passionate soul of this woman who has known all of Love—who has had all that Life has to offer.

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TOLSTOY

WAS there ever a more piteous figure in the world than that of Tolstoy, clad in his coarse garb, with seventeen dollars in his wallet, stealing at night from his home—an old man of eighty-two, broken in heart and spirit, seeking a place to die! He fled because of family feuds, because his wife and his son Michael were raising the rents of the peasants whom he loved, because every principle of his life—that ardent, poor, struggling life, that life which was spent in one long battle for the oppressed and the suffering—had been violated by his own family. The Countess Tolstoy never for a moment gave up the service she deemed necessary to her rank. She retained her rich dress, her jewels, her four or six-course dinners, her butler and other attendants; nor did any of the family except the one daughter who crept after her father and nursed him in the mean inn where his great spirit was loosed, give up for his sake, or because of his teaching, one iota of that which they supposed their rank called for.

Tolstoy never tried to force his principles upon his family. He was content to let them have all the magnificence, but it hurt the soul of him to see orchids on the dinner table when his peasants were having their rents raised to supply them. The Countess always dressed for dinner—in Parisian gowns, wearing her jewels, diamonds and rubies. The dinner table was loaded with flowers and silver equipage. Butler and footmen were in attendance. Guests—in evening dress, of course—were frequent. But—at the foot of the table sat a shaggy-haired, unkempt old man, dressed in a peasant's smock, and by him sat a peasant girl arrayed in coarse flannel. The hostess, her family

and guests dine off the choicest viands and wines; the peasants eat of one dish only—a plate of pottage with black bread. The peasants are Count Leo Tolstoy and his daughter; the guests are nobles or men and women of position.

And of what avail, the sacrifice? Has it helped one downtrodden creature in that cruel country? Will not the rents now be raised higher, that the revenue may increase? Will not the old cruelties be practised? That may be—but the world is the greater, the nobler, the better for the sacrifice, the teaching, the uplift of one broken-hearted old man, and from the seed he planted, and perhaps from the saddened old heart which lies under the great oak at Yasnaya Poliana, a great tree of knowledge and of wisdom may one day arise.

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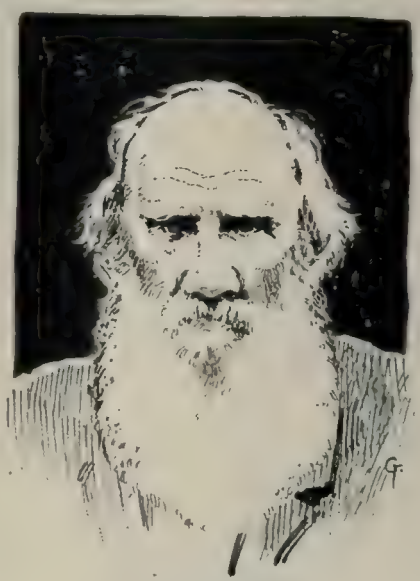
ABOUT FURS

I CLOSED the book, and going into my room, took my furs from their boxes and sitting by a sunny window, stroked their silky length. The little heads on the stole and muff seemed, for a moment, alive. Where had they come from? What hardship was entailed in their getting? Carelessly enough they are worn, carefully are they put away where the moth may not find them. Many little animals had been sacrificed to make up the set. Was a human life one of them? The book related how, in the far jungle, the Somali in terrific fight with the leopard, after killing the great cat which had disembowelled him with her claws, had crawled into the deeper shade of the forest-tangle and there died. When the beaters came in search of him, they looked but once on the fetid heap of human flesh, but skinning the beautiful spotted beast, made haste to get it to the trading station. Some great lady in London is doubtless wearing a magnificent motor coat lined with silky leopard-skin—and some of the spots on it are darker in hue than others, and these are the marks of a human life.

Or, maybe some trapper in our own Canadian wilds—those lonely spaces in the frozen north—warped his way to the Hudson Bay post, bearing the very furs you are stroking as you sit in the sun. How many weary miles has he mushed through trackless forests and across ice-bound rivers that you, this Christmas past, might have these rich furs to fling over your commonplace, unthinking person, and go, in your fool's vanity, to exploit your luxuries in the eye of your poorer neighbour? What privation, what anguish, what effort, what romance lies back of those little furry heads with their bright glass eyes, of those small claws which cling so tightly to that long stole, biting into its soft, long, white-tipped hairs?

Perhaps it was from no frozen wilds, but from the great fur-fair at Leipsic that your furs really came. Ah, but before Leipsic, before the large emporiums where you can buy furs of any price or make; before the vats in the dyer's cellars got your highly prized Russian rabbit and made a silver fox out of him by simply dyeing him, and then sending him into the "hair-room" where experts in hair-dressing sewed white-tipped hairs here and there in



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY
The tragic and splendid figure of a tragic and blood-stained land

well-regulated layers, so beautifully done that none but a keen fur-maker could detect the fraud, while you, miladi, paid the price. Before all this assuredly the little beasts you are

WHAT PRIVATION, WHAT ANGUISH, WHAT ROMANCE LIES BACK OF THOSE LITTLE FURRY HEADS?

looking at must at one time have been alive somewhere. In Siberia? Mayhap. Think of the hunting and trapping in that frozen, barren, lonely place! Are your furs the royal ermine? Or merely white rabbit or weasel skins "treated"? Coronation year is going to be hard on the ermine, and many a little light-hearted creature of the wild places will fall to provide royalty with this, to my mind, unattractive fur. The Russian ermine is said to be the finest in the world, but Canada comes a close second. The way these timid little animals are caught savours of much cruelty. They are tiny things and very shy. They cannot be trapped or shot, as that would injure their delicate fur. So they are caught by the tongue. Have you ever been so foolish as to touch —when the weather is far, far below zero —a poker, or other iron with your bare hand? That happened once to the writer—in the young years in Winnipeg, before one had learned the full meaning of a Canadian winter of the old type. The experiment was not repeated. As for the ermine, or weasel—which turns white in winter through a kindly law of Nature in order that it may match the snow—the hunter greases his great knife and lays it on the path across which he has seen the little creature whisk—the ermine's tracks are a series of little dots and dashes—and when the small chap comes again, the delicious odour appeals to him. He puts out his tiny red tongue to lick the knife blade. Alas! he cannot withdraw it! The tongue freezes to the knife and the unfortunate small fellow stands and waits for his executioner.

The woman stroked the furs more gently.

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CHERCHEZ LA FEMME?

THE Crippen case by no means appears to have ended with the execution of Dr. Crippen. Two British journals have assumed the onus of a hunt for the "party" or "confederate" who, they claim, must have assisted the

elderly, half-blind, small and weak little doctor. The Evening Times, the sensational London newspaper which published—on the evening of the day of the doctor's execution—a "confession" of the crime, was denounced in wholesale fashion by many British newspapers. It now seems, however, that this "confession" was in part bona fide. The bone of controversy or argument being that, in answer to a certain "open letter," Crippen intimated that he had had a confederate. "Under no circumstances," he wrote, the day before his execution, "shall I say anything which would bring trouble to others." But immediately after Mrs. Crippen's death, someone drew out, on what purported to be her signature, the sum of £200. The synopsis, according to the journal in question, is this. To quote:—

"Mrs. Crippen was poisoned by hyoscine, and Crippen admitted—*before his conviction*—being concerned in the affair. Her body, that of a heavy woman, was then carried down to the coal cellar and was gradually disposed of by divers means—burning, carrying away, etc., in desperation and weariness at the last—by hurried burying. The query is who helped Crippen? To whom was he loyal in the face of an agonizing and awful death? To a man? A woman? And—*who drew out* the £200 right after Mrs. Crippen's dreadful death, on the signature of a dead woman?

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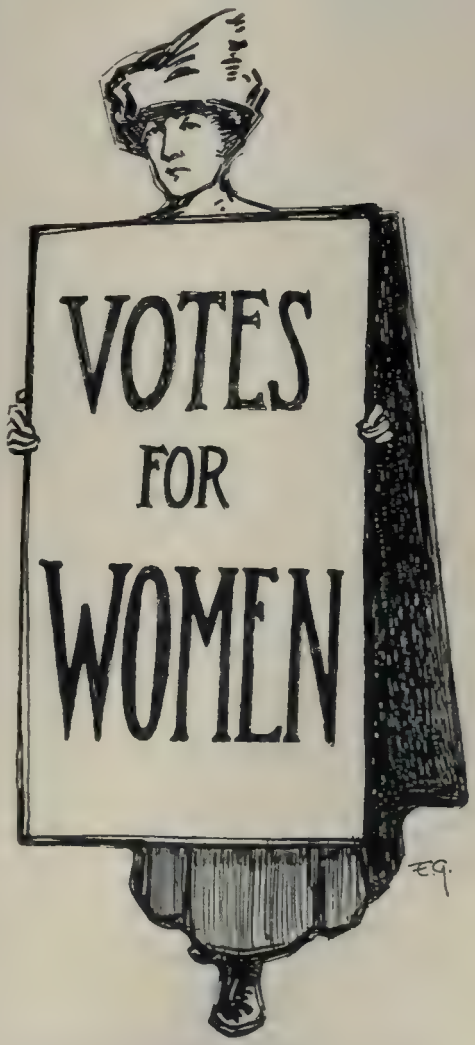
THE SUFFRAGE.

ONE of the troubles in regard to the Suffrage for women may be—note that we do not say it will be—partisanship on the part of the dear and fair sex. It is this way. Wives of men who have run for Parliament or Municipal power almost (I decline to make an assertion that sweeps everything away) invariably take sides with husband, sons or father. It would be nigh to the impossible to make a wife who admired and adored her husband see that anything he could do publicly, or say privately, could be wrong. The same way with the devoted daughter, or the absolutely-convinced-in-her-brother's-manliness-and-greatness-all-round sister, to see their dear men as outsiders might see them. Outsiders! What could they know of the goodness, the greatness of the men of the family? Dear, loyal women! And would you vote for A, sweetheart, if he, the one man God made, wanted his heart's desire of you—a vote for B? I can hear the loving, withal tender clamour.

Mother:—"If Jem says to vote for A, there's nothing to it but to vote for him."

The Wife:—"Well," (she's a doubter) "I suppose so, but then where do I



WOULD YOU VOTE FOR A, SWEETHEART, IF THE ONE BEST MAN GOD EVER MADE ASKED YOU TO VOTE FOR B?

come in; can't I vote for B if I want to?"

Mother:—"Surely you can, dear, but you know, after all, we've got to consider the Boy, and you know yourself—and I know (wise wee mother) how you love him—and—"

The Wife:—"Sure—did you think for a minute that I wouldn't vote where the Boy voted? As if I could do anything else!" with a divine pout.

Sister, however, is saner—yet always affectionate. "I suppose Jem knows best. I've read a good deal about it all, however, and I can't see where the other candidate wins out. I guess I'll vote for Jem's outfit all right, all right."

The good Suffragettes!

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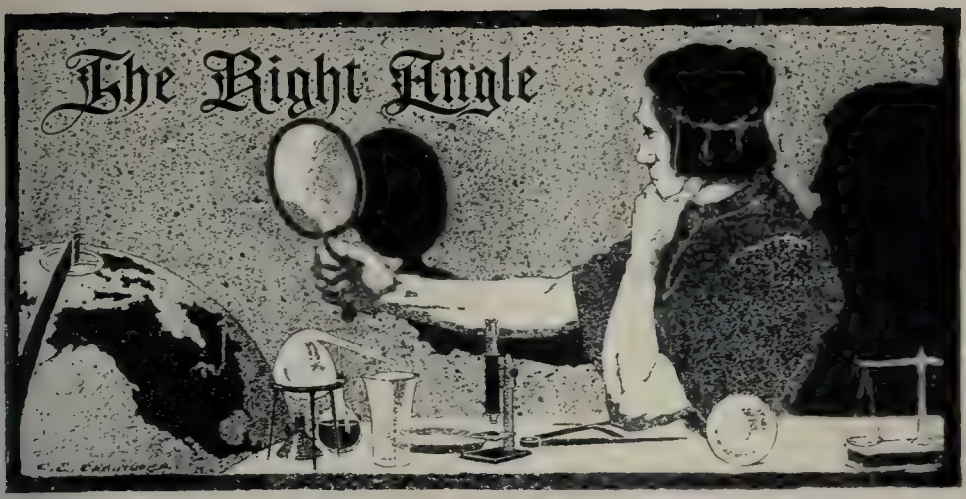
ARE WOMEN LACKING IN HUMOUR?

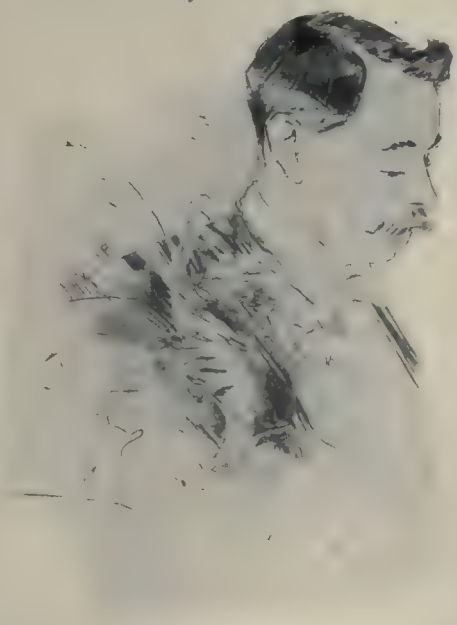
EVERY man will tell you they are. He revels in the idea that he alone possesses that salt of life. While we by no means think all men have that gift of the gods, it cannot be denied that it is not common in women. Perhaps convention is to blame; Yvette Guilbert says so. The sex always called fair, and lately called strong, is dominated by convention. This is especially true of the middle-class woman, she who writes to the newspapers as to the etiquette of visiting cards. Should the journalist answer in half mischievous, wholly merry manner, the lady at once proclaims her lack of the royal sense of humor by becoming angry and writing back a sharp reprimand. Say, for instance, what is a well-known fact, that women will content themselves with a scratch meal of tea and bread and butter, while if there be a man in the case, a good dinner will be prepared, or descant on the vagaries of woman at the bargain counter, and hearken to the answer you will receive from some indignant but uncultured one, whose spelling, not to say grammar, is deplorable. She "will not stand" for such "condemnation" of her sex. Why "parade" the weaknesses of women before the other sex—"for the benefit (?) of the other sex," and so on—Alack! you lay the letter sadly down and wonder why le bon Dieu was in so grave a mood when He made Woman. It is only when there is a free interchange of thought between men and women that a woman may dare to exercise what little grain of the salt of humour is mercifully vouchsafed unto her. And then she is termed a Bohemian—a title sadly misunderstood by many people. Men among themselves are not conventional; they talk about anything they please. But women among themselves are often more conventional than when the sexes mix. Every woman is watchful of the other. The better bred a woman is, the less is she tied down to the conventional pose of your middle-class woman. Not that the aristocrat is Bohemian in the bold, bad sense of that word, but it is born and bred and educated into her to do the right thing—which is always the simple thing—at the right time. Your true aristocrat is rarely artificial. She may not have humour but she has honour, dignity, and a gentle grace. Perhaps it is only among the poorer classes that you find humour without a setting of cold, ironic, glittering jewels—a bit coarse, maybe, but pure and simple joy in the joke for all that. You, Madame, of the blue blood, can refine that humour—though I doubt it. Humour, to be humour, must be active, healthy, vivid, not anæmic. Blue blood, in the very title of it, lacks this vital, healthy activity. Yet—were women given to humour—think what consternation might fall upon the men who found their best stories provocative of laughter—not righteous indignation! And, mayhap, the bon Dieu, who, the Frenchwomen tell us, keeps all their little confessions, their secrets, their hazards of fortune, hidden from the prying, dear, violet, golden-brown or black eyes of their loving sisters, throws a kindly smile down on these poor "unwomanlies" who laugh unafraid in the sun, while their saintly sisters grin silently in those weird cupboards which are said to contain the dry and bony sins of the Family.



CANADA AT THE SPHINX

THERE is an old saying that you may hear the heartbeat of the world if you will put your ear to the ground in Trafalgar Square. In its essential meaning, that saying is true. Yet here comes a report of a dinner of the Sphinx Club in London recently; whereat by allusion and very pleasantly, the discovery of Canada was announced. Gramercy! Canada had been "there all the while," like the hero of the Battle of the Nile.

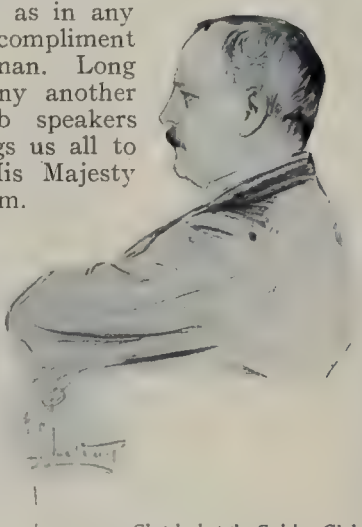
The Sphinx Club is an association of the principal publicity men of London, a valuable and progressive organization, meeting at stated intervals for a dinner (and a good one), and for interchange of views between the members, whose activities are more closely concerned with things of the Isles than with things of the Empire. At the particular dinner in question, about fifty Canadians were present, most of them, such as Fred C. Salter and George McLaren Brown, publicity men, like their hosts, the exceptions being other Canadians of Imperial importance, like Postmaster-General Lemieux and F. C. Wade, K.C. No people anywhere have in greater degree the gift of hostship than the English at home, and the report shows an evening of warm and happy friendship. But into it flowed naturally a lot of talk that gave new light on Canada to those who had it not before—light from within, irradiating the real relation of this country to the old. Kindly lights, that may lead on. The reports of the speeches are a mosaic of "Hear, hears," "Cheers" and "Laughters," in the good old style, that means so much in a country where contrary interjections are quite as free if the things said lack the quality of appeal.



Sketched at the Sphinx Club
J. OBED SMITH
Formerly of Winnipeg, now Assistant Superintendent of Canadian Emigration in England

The one real discovery by the Sphinx that saves it the embarrassment of being asked what is the difference between having a riddle and being

a riddle was made by the chairman, and related to Mr. Obed Smith's ability to "get a great deal of very valuable publicity for nothing, which shows that he is a man of genius." This remarkable power of Mr. Smith's is well enough known in Canada—with a difference. He does not get his publicity for nothing. That which he gets he pays for in service to Canada and her congeners in Empire, which is a better equivalent than money alone, for Mr. Smith's publicity service is national, and makes for the growth of a country. And this qualification is not here stated as in any way a lessening of the compliment conveyed by the chairman. Long may he live to open many another evening for Sphinx Club speakers with the health that brings us all to our feet, glasses up: "His Majesty the King!" God bless him.



Sketched at the Sphinx Club

GEORGE MCLAREN BROWN

One of the transplanted Canadians of London

LA VIE DE BOHÈME

YOU remember the reversible house motto that bore "Life Is Sweet" on one side, and on the other "To Hell Mit Rosie!" —the motto that Florence Pretz and her two studio mates evolved to frighten care out o' window and scare all spirits, black, white, blue or grey, back again to Limbo?

From that gay little studio came to our desk some months ago a picture of an innocent Bohemia on the coast of which no ships ever were wrecked and no sirens ever sung—a picture that we print for the sake of those who may recognize therein something of their own young adventurings.

I believe the first essential of the Vie de Bohéme is a garret.

Well, I have the garret—a pleasant garret, moreover, with its books, and its fantastic sketches, its tapestries, its prints, and its low, old-fashioned window giving into the top of a sturdy white oak, red-leaved with autumn, where the bluejays contradict each other in the frosty mornings, and a grey squirrel never tires of his acrobatic friskings with a forlorn kite-string entangled among the branches.

It is a friendly bit of a garret, to be sure, and the tinkle of the little music-teacher's piano on the floor below echoes up the narrow stairs sweetly to my ear. She is playing "The Shepherd's Tale," and the gay little melody laughs over the sunshine and the promise of spring as merrily as when the writer heard it first from some curly-headed shepherd fluter among the vine-clad French hills.

Is she as gay as the little tune? Who knows?——even music-teachers have a right to laughter when scales and contrary little fingers that would much sooner be playing in the dirt are no longer to be coped with, and the golden light of evening peeps in at the window. I hope she is; I am fain to believe that she has a small corner of Bohemia set apart for herself, and is not lonely, even though no one keeps her company in her tiny studio at the foot of the stairs.

I, too, have my garret all to myself these days, for Tinker Bell has taken her brush and pencil and gone to seek her fortune afar; and Happy, the gipsy, is paddling her solitary birch canoe on the frost-touched reaches of the Upper Mississippi. The birds have flown out of the nest; the laughter and the frolic are vanished from the garret for awhile, and I am left alone with the squirrel.

Yet it is a peaceful and reminiscent loneliness, for rooms take on the spirit of those who have lived in them, and my garret bears its flavor of laughter as surely as a Buddhist temple its ghosts of immemorial incense-burnings. I have no quarrel with it; my small supper-table is set with its blue-and-white plate and cup; the loaf of bread

that my rosy-cheeked landlady brought up, just now warm from the oven, invites me generously; the pat of butter is golden, and the jar of preserved ginger catches a belated sunbeam with a mellow glow. I light my chafing-dish, and make my bowl of soup in peace, salting it with cheerfulness, and stirring it with a sprig of rosemary—"that's for remembrance." Let the storm that lowers grimly in the south threaten as it will; to-night it may beat upon my window-pane, and rattle my sash, but now the amber sunlight sifts through the elms, and my pot of tea sends up a slender curl of alluringly fragrant steam.

For a moment I search my bookcase, discarding, passing by the bravely gilded volumes. No jingling verses to-night; no tales of shining steel and fair ladies' eyes and noisy deeds of derring-do. There is a little, dark volume, the color of an autumn oak-leaf, in the farther corner. "Travels with a Donkey" — no less a companion this evening than Robert Louis and his Modestine, genuine Bohemians both — and cunningly I ensonce it against the sugar-bowl, and familiarly it falls open at the right place without so much as an admonitory finger.

Sketched at the Sphinx Club

HON. RUDOLPHE LEMIEUX

The genial postmaster-general of Canada

I have, now and again, eaten terrapin and canvasback and coupe de St. Jacques at famous old restaurants; have watched the bubbles rise in the amber glass, and observed famous ones of the earth scintillating all about me; yet, truly, they are only "as a tale that is told."

For after all, this is the essence of Bohemia—to be content with your bowl of soup and your garret.

Simple enough, isn't it? And yet

with an elusive sort of appeal that carries you back to the days when youth was yours and all the world with it. It is pleasant, too, to be able to say that Miss Pretz, the creator of Billiken and the "Tinker Bell" of the sketch, is finding the fortune that she deserves.

"INEXHAUSTIBLE" PULPWOOD

THE pulpwood problem to-day is enough to make any thoughtful Canadian do a little serious reflecting. Twenty years ago, wiseacres cheerfully referred to the standing pulpwood supply as "inexhaustible," just as thirty or forty years ago men spoke of the "inexhaustible" forests of Wisconsin and Maine that now stand, naked tragedies, with their abandoned mills crumbling mossily back into the soil.

Look at the figures for a moment. Canada is in possession of 1,657,600,000 acres of forest area, or almost a billion acres more than any other country on the globe. When one considers the relation of these forests to water powers, and of water powers to electrical energy, as well as the relation of forests to agriculture, one realizes that the conservation of our forests involves the conservation of nearly all our other resources, and the forestry problem becomes perhaps the gravest problem in the whole range of our material life.

Sketched at the Sphinx Club
FRED C. SALTER
A Canadian who never wearies of spreading the gospel of the Dominion

At the present time, the United States, which is second to Canada in forest area, contains about thirty years' supply of timber. After this is exhausted, the United States will turn to Canada—indeed she is already beginning to do so—for her lumber. According to the present rate of increase of paper consumption across the line, we could supply her demand for just about seven years, after which our forests would be denuded and the deadly work of erosion well begun. The wiseacres who twenty years ago went about chirping "inexhaustible" attend the Conservation Commission and the Forestry Convention to-day, and write letters to the newspapers advocating a Government-set limit to the amount of timber that should be cut yearly, on the ground that the timber must be kept for the purposes of the people of Canada, instead of going to the other side of the Great Lakes.

This year the Manitoba Free Press, following its annual custom of presenting some holiday gift significant of Canada, has sent out a miniature roll of pulp-wood paper, accompanied by a booklet giving a brief account of paper-making and a resume of present conditions in Canada. At greater length than we are able to do here, the Free Press points out the danger of indiscriminate lumbering, and sounds a warning that will be heartily concurred in by every thinking Canadian. All of Canada's leading men are in accord with the Conservation Commission—witness the names connected with the convention in Quebec just ended—Sir Wilfrid Laurier; Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P.; Hon. Clifford Sifton, who is Chairman of the Commission of Conservation; Hon. Sydney Fisher; Hon. Frank Oliver; Sir Lomer Gouin; Hon. Jules Allard; Hon. Frank Cochrane; Hon. W. C. H. Grimmer; Mgr. Lapointe, Vicar-General of Chicoutimi; Mr. R. H. Campbell, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry; Dr. H. S.

Beland, M.P.; Dr. B. E. Fernow, Dean of the Faculty of Forestry of the University of Toronto; M. Achille Bergevin, of the Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association; Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist; and many others equally well known in forestry work.

Every man added to the forestry staff, every convention in behalf of conservation, every bit of publicity that helps to acquaint Canadians with the facts, is a step in the right direction; and all loyal Canadians who have the interests of the Dominion at heart will co-operate to the best of their ability with the men who are trying to preserve for home consumption Canada's natural resources.

Sketched at the Sphinx Club

F. C. WADE, K.C.
The man who established law in the Yukon

SIGN, PLEASE

"THE first hotel was a tree. Mine host of the first hotel could hang from a limb of his hotel and extend four different glad hands to his guest. When Hanno of Carthage sailed in his sea-caravan out of the Mediterranean and down the coast of Africa, he went as far as the land of the gorillas. One of these folks could reach down with one of his hind hands and lift a traveler into a tree. This was the first hotel elevator.

"The earliest landlords of the earth's caves seem to have been bears and hyenas. Like some tribes of primitive mankind still living in the old and the new world, they dined upon their guests."

In that fashion John McGovern begins his book on "Hospitality," a history of hotels in all ages and all regions of the earth, down to this day. Incidentally and unobtrusively the history becomes a panorama of civilization, somewhat as Taine's "History of English Literature" is a particularly good history of England. Mr. McGovern has long been known as a compiler of books on special subjects, but in this one he has picked up and put together in small compass a remarkable body of fact, tinged with a peculiar humor, sometimes sardonic, sometimes warm, always enjoyable. "Hospitality" is a quaint and curious volume of freshly uncovered lore. (The Hotel World, Publishers, $1.00.)

Robson Black, the well-known Toronto dramatic critic, will contribute to this department the latest gossip about plays and players, criticisms of plays now on the Canadian stage, and announcement of things theatrical that will fall to Canada's share. The department will be illustrated by the latest photographs of well-known player folk.

POMANDER WALK

I AM about to lay out a new street—not an unchimneyed row of Own-your-own-homes—nor yet in any symbolic sense as a New Year's resolve, but in the plain manner of plain words, a New Street, and it is to be called "Pomander Walk".

The name probably is not as familiar to the majority of readers as it shortly will be, for new plays like new flowers require a cultivation of six months or so to mature and scatter their perfume. So must it be with "Pomander Walk," written by Louis N. Parker, produced first at Montreal, later at New York, and now entering upon a career of long seasons, much profit, and corresponding public satisfaction. In New York, at the time of writing, it is commanding one of those curious waves of popularity that managers stupidly assert is unaccountable, but which the public meekly answers in "value given for money paid". Pomander Walk is an ode to Simplicity. Its name applies to a street or settlement outside of London at a place called Chiswick, and the time ranges in the Georgian period, about 1805. Note even in the setting of the scene which I have been obliged to abbreviate the gentle Dickensonian humor. Five little houses stand in a row, with the River Thames flowing by the foot of the gardens. In Number 1 lives an old Admiral. Next door, at Number 2, is the Widow Poskett. At Number 3 dwell the Pennymint sisters, who rent the second or third floor back to a musician lodger. A former butler, Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, occupies Number 4, and in the last house, Number 5, come Mme. Lucie Lachesnais and her lovely daughter, Marjolaine.

Now we have a splendid assembly for the development of quaint comedy. Let us start the mischief brewing!

Lieutenant the Honorable John Sayle, of the Royal Navy, spies one day the beautiful Marjolaine, and swears by all the porpoises that he will win yon maiden's heart or forever quit abusing the Canadian Navy. Nor does he keep the secret of his wish from the ear of Marjolaine herself. Enter Baron Sayle, father of John, who in the fashion of many parents, desires to carry on his son's courtship by correspondence with some other titled and much-daughtered papa. But, despising an ambitious match, John, junior, sees only a vision of the beautiful and gentle Marjolaine. Out of filial consideration, however, he promises to absent himself absolutely from Pomander Walk for one week. Learning for the first time the details of

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

In *Trelawney of the Wells*, in which she is appearing after a distinguished venture in *Mid-Channel*, she promises to rival the success of her uncle, John Drew, in *Smith*, and her brother Jack in *The Fortune Hunter*

his son's strange infatuation from the lips of a meddling old fool, Brooke-Hoskyn, the Baron pays a visit to the Admiral to ask his aid in bringing his John to reason. (Here comes the easy involving of the five sets of residents) Marjolaine, driven half to distraction by the unexplained week's absence of

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS
In *Decorating Clementine* Miss Williams has taken London by storm. It was her first introduction to an English audience

her lover, confesses to her mother the reason for her unhappy bearing. The mother had been the Baron's sweetheart in their younger days, nor had the dissolution of time weakened the early tie. But for that very reason, knowing the mistake they both had made by mis-marriages, her eagerness to save Marjolaine from similar unhappiness becomes acute, and she commands that the Lieutenant's suit be discontinued. This attitude, so strongly emphasized by both the lovers' parents, makes it quite consistent that Mme. Lachesnais and the Baron should meet. Then, in a scene of delicate and wistful charm, with dignity and sentiment sweetly maintained and balanced, the two elderly lovers meet and re-pledge their troth. And Marjorie? And the Lieutenant? Daring the defi of world or devil, they put their heads together, wheedle a special license from the old village clergyman by guessing the secret of his own youth, and with their hearts bounding with joy, dash off to London. Their success rapidly whirls the plot to a conclusion, as clinching and satisfying as it is amusing. The Baron and his first love decide to make it a double wedding. With the cunning of her anxious feminine heart, the Widow Poskett inveigles the Admiral into the trap of matrimony, thus lowering the rent bill for Pomander Row and doubtlessly increasing the conversation. The violinist, who has been devouring Barbara Pennymint's prunes between glances of rapturous adoration, is taught by the household parrot how to make love and does so. And the hopeful announcement of Brooke-Hoskyn from an upper window, just before the curtain falls, illustrates that butlers as well as barons may sip the honey of belated love and live to tell the story.

MORE SOCIETY SINS

BY WAY of contrast, I select "Drifting," written by Preston Gibson, a rich young man of Washington, who gives half of what he hath to playwriting and the balance to mental exercise. One would think that with the qualifications of wealth, lordly acquaintances, and enough French to read a menu, he could smelt a fairly

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Co-star with E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean repertoire, she by an "heretical" interpretation of *Lady Macbeth* has invited the varied verdicts of many critics. Miss Marlowe plays the famous character entirely without the sanction of tradition, evidently with a view to humanizing motives which have often rendered the play a better vehicle for frenzied technique than a magnet for box-office dollars.

picturesque and aromatic drama. "Drifting," which is his latest, was produced a few weeks ago in the city of Washington. On the first night, President Taft, some of his cabinet, with a galaxy of other fashion and other beauty, crowded into boxes and pit. Tuesday night, following the newspaper

criticisms, the audience remained in their seats only because they wanted to be polite. At the close of the week, the company boarded cars for New York and opened at the Nazimova Theatre, with the critics either asleep or complaining of their insomnia. The design of such a play, is cited only as an illustration of what New York and Elsewhere are forced to suffer, rather than as an example of original or entertaining authorship.

Getting atmosphere to a play is not so much a first-hand accurate knowledge of the place and people of the plot as a power of broad perspective, keen observation, and ability to concentrate. It is said that the "Bonnie Brier Bush," which as a play had a tremendous success in Canada, failed utterly to arouse interest in Scotland where the book was written, and in which the scenes and sentiments presumably had their locale. Similarly with "Drifting," which pretending to be a reflection of a society home, with a fling at "fashionable vices" (a la Father Vaughan), actually becomes a exaggerative and libellous three-act quarrel. Without a single exception his people are sullied with viciousness, and even the butler steals his master's whiskey.

Millionaires, pretty gowns, adventuresses, butterfly wives, Newport cottages, cocktails, gambling debts and checks for twenty thousand dollars are combined by Mr. Gibson into one magnificently indigestible charlotte russe of Society. Whether Society recognizes the portrait or not we leave to Mr. Gibson's conscience.

THE IMPOSTOR

IT MIGHT have been called by any of twenty names, but for the sake of brevity, with aptness, it comes forward under the name of "The Impostor". "Appearances Are Deceiving," or "The Importance of Being Certain," might have attached just as happily, but it costs more to say long sentences in incandescent lights. As an earnest of its worth, let me say that Annie Russell, Charles Richman and Oswald are three of the players engaged in its presentation; the story is attractive and well told, and while very light in structure, the sentiment intermixes with and develops many situations of rich comedy.

Charlie Owen, a young married man, and as morally sound and sincere as a wholesome nature and favorable environment could make a fellow, is about to leave his hotel in London one night on his way to Paris, when a young woman of refined dress and features accosts him with a plea for protection and help. With a chivalrous impulse, he brings her to his apartment, where her hunger and weariness are temporarily allayed. As self-confidence gradually repossesses the frail and famished body, she unfolds to Owen the story of a struggle for an honest livelihood and consequent failure, that while often recounted in book and play is still all too bitterly accurate. The girl's self-possession and gentler inclinations have now fully returned, while Owen finds himself influenced by a fast-growing interest, a sort of mushroom affection, and quickly antagonizes her early gratitude. The girl rushes to the door, but stops short at the unexpected appearance in the hallway of Mrs. Fowler, a gossipy and good-natured friend of the family. To save appearances, Owen on the spur of the moment introduces Miss Fenton as his wife's sister, Mary McKerrow, and with an urbanity befitting the occasion, the girl enters easily into the deception. Then with the lightning growth of most seeds of error, the trick sprouts into a permanent imposition and the imposition into a closely-drawn net of semi-serious falsehoods. Mary shakes hands, chats an instant and hurries away. With Mrs. Fowler and the girl disposed of, as he thinks, Owen departs for Paris quite certain that he is forever rid of all consequences of his philanthropic boomerang. But not so! Mary comes back in half a minute to the room, where she had forgotten to pick up her purse. As she turns to leave, the hallway resounds with the chatter of many voices and in an instant, the room is filled with a gay party of Owen's friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Walford, and their son, Blake Walford. Introductions necessarily follow—with the girl as "Miss McKerrow". Nothing will satisfy

the Walfords but that the sister-in-law of their dear Owen must come as a guest to their home. The girl instinctively dislikes to carry the deception to such a grave extent but is driven by the fear of hunger and The Street to accept. At the Walford place she plays her part with a gentle dignity and thoroughness that makes her exempt from suspicion. In such an embarrassing situation she is found by Charlie Owen upon his return from Paris. He denounces her to Blake Walford who, with the rest of the family, let fly their indignation and even threaten to hand the impostor over to the police. Enter Mrs. Fowler, the garrulous old gossip of the community. Delighted to hold the key to a scandalous situation, she not only narrates to the assembly the origin of the mistake in Owen's apartments, but proves to their utter surprise that the girl is actually Miss McKerrow, the veritable sister-in-law of Owen, and no such adventuring female as their hasty words would make her out to be.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS

A case where personality is a steady asset. Miss Adams used Edmond Rostand's *L'Aiglon* some years ago as a step to permanent fame, later entering upon a series of J. M. Barrie's characters, notably "Babbie" in *The Little Minister*, and "Maggie Wylie" in *What Every Woman Knows*. Her latest exploit is *Chantecler*, into which she enters by the particular wish of her manager, Charles Frohman

Then Mary has something to say to Blake Walford, and Blake has something to say to Mary and—they always end up that way, don't they?

BITING ENOUGH

"I SHALL leave you!" threatens the angry wife after an hour's curtain lecture has failed of any effect upon her husband. "I shall leave you and go to some cannibal island as a missionary, and——"

"Tell the cannibals they needn't use any paprika when they serve you," suggests the brutal husband.

THE THIRTY-SIX-INCH BRAID

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

SHE sat in silence and in gloom,
She would not wander from her room
Because the heart within her burned
For that for which her fancy yearned;
All melancholy sighed the maid:
"I want a thirty-six-inch braid."

At last, exhausting nerve and breath,
She sorrowed her poor self to death.
A peri, then, at heaven's gate
She stood with air disconsolate.
"No halo, please," exclaimed her shade,
"I want a thirty-six-inch braid."

NOT HEARTLESS

"HE is such a cold, stern, unemotional man," we say of the gentleman who has just left us, "Is he really as heartless as he appears?"

"Not at all," explains the other person. "The doctors have taken his appendix, half his liver, part of his stomach, one lung, his spleen, and so much else that really about the only thing he has left is his heart."

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

E. Laurence Lee.

I WONDER if Potatoes need glasses for their Eyes,
Is the Tadpole related to the Fish?
I wonder if the Lyre got its name by telling Lies,
Do eggs run when they're broken in a dish?

I wonder if Tables have rheumatics in their Legs,
Do Tape Lines have corns upon their Feet?
Why don't hens lay Bricks instead of laying Eggs?
Does the Rain get hurt when falling in a Sheet?

A FAMILY TRAIT

"AND when you grow up," said the visitor to six-year-old Elsie, "I suppose you will get married?"

"Oh, there's hardly any doubt about it," answered the small miss. "Everybody says I am much like mamma, and she has been married three times, you know."

AN OCCASIONAL OASIS

"THERE'S a great deal of dry farming out in your country, is there not?" we ask of the rancher from the West.

"Well, most of the counties in my state have gone prohibition," he answers, "but if a fellow is all right he can get a nip at the drug store."